SOCIAL PROCESS IN HAWAII

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HONOLULU, HAWAII, U.S.A.

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TABLE OF CONTENTS

FOREWORD

Social Process in Hawaii is an annual cooperative project of the undergraduate students in sociology and the faculty members of the sociology department at the University of Hawaii. Its purpose is to make the rich sociological storehouse of the Islands somewhat more readily accessible to the general public.

In some issues of the journal we have attempted to relate local experience to several of the basic principles of social interaction and thus to abstract Hawaii's social process from its wider significance. In other issues, as in the present one, we have sought rather to give the reader, both Islander and Mainlander, a sense of what it means to belong to one or the other of the various minority groups in Hawaii. Our students, a large proportion of them reared in immigrant homes and most of them but two or three generations removed from their Old World ancestral communities, are in a peculiarly advantageous position for admitting us to the intimacy of the ethnic family circle, for portraying its homely everyday life, its tensions and crises.

These accounts by students make it possible for outsiders to enter sympathetically into the primary group life of peoples whom at first, in their ethnocentric blindness, they may consider impenetrably alien.

The articles in this issue will have served their purpose if they help the reader to come to the insight which Charles Horton Cooley so ably articulated in his discussion of primary groups and their influence in the moulding of a universal human nature, "the nature which is developed and expressed in those simple, face-to-face groups that are somewhat alike in all societies, groups of the family, the playground, and the neighborhood. In the essential similarity of these is to be found the basis in experience, for similar ideas and sentiments in the human mind."

Most of the articles in this issue are concerned with Hawaii's Japanese. In them we see persons of the immigrant generation emerge, not so much as followers of inscrutable and exotic customs, but as persons with very human sentiments and very human problems. The role of cultural practices as merely the traditional man-

ner for meeting very human situations is vividly portrayed. We see how life in Hawaii and particularly the experiences of the war are modifying the culture, while the basic human problems remain unchanged. We are privileged to see these crises and changes as they occur within the privacy of the family and the intimacy of the neighborhood. We can appreciate the reality of Hawaii's cultural changes as we observe post-war Japan through the eyes of Americans of Japanese Ancestry, AJA's serving in the United States army of occupation, to whom the land of their ancestors is strange and who have to rediscover, by primary contacts, the basic humanity "behind the Japanese mask." We can accompany the Oriental soldiers back home to Hawaii and note how their problems of adjustment are like those of veterans on the Mainland. We thus have in panorama a complete cycle of cultural changes overlaying a variety of universally human situations. The cultural contrasts and changes are made understandable because people everywhere can enter sympathetically into experiences which are common to humanity.

In addition we present an article on the Puerto Ricans of Hawaii. Dr. Lee M. Brooks, visiting professor from the University of North Carolina, tells how, in response to a request from the University of Puerto Rico, he became interested in the Puerto Rican group. He found that these frequently misunderstood and maligned people could best be approached and understood by reference to their very human response to their situation in Hawaii.

An article on the use of "racial" statistics of Hawaii suggests that in the increasingly common life of the peoples of Hawaii their difference of ancestry will evanesce and with them also the need for racial statistics. The use in the meantime of such statistics is justified, however, as necessary in the objective analysis of racial phenomena and in the promotion of assimilation.

We of the editorial staff of *Social Process in Hawaii,* would like to express our deepest gratitude to Miss Peggy Kainuma, Miss Nancy Nakasone of the Teacher's College Club, Mrs. Katherine N. Lind, Walter Ing, Saiji Zakimi, and many others, who tirelessly assisted in making this year's publication possible.

—The Editors

CHANGING MARRIAGE CUSTOMS OF MY NEIGHBORHOOD

Kazue Yamada*

Campville is a tiny sugar plantation village on one of the outside islands. Its inhabitants consist of ten Japanese families and one Portuguese family. The parents, being in most cases immigrants from Japan, speak the Japanese language and try to cling to their old customs of Japan. But no matter how much the parents want to keep their old customs, the village customs are gradually changing. Each year the people are becoming more and more Americanized. We, the young people of this village, are responsible for this change. We learn in school the American way of life and we try to practice it at home. To illustrate the gradual change that is taking place in this village, I have chosen the subject, "Changing Marriage Customs of My Neighborhood."

Eight years ago, I was invited to a Japanese wedding party held in my neighborhood. As I look back to the wedding, I realize that it was a typical Japanese wedding. In the first place, it wasn't a love-marriage. It was a marriage arranged by the parents of the young couple and by the two *baikainins* or matchmakers. In the second place, the bride was dressed not in a white wedding gown but in a beautiful Japanese kimono. Her Japanese style hair-do was done by a hired hairdresser. As far as I can remember, the bride didn't receive a wedding ring or an engagement ring. The wedding party itself was typically Japanese. All the speeches, except one, were given in Japanese. Liquor was served by several young girls dressed in bright colored kimonos. The songs that were sung were practically all Japanese folk songs and popular songs.

Now let us look at another wedding that took place two years later. This was not a love-marriage either. At this wedding, the bride was dressed in a kimono and had the pompous Japanese hair-do. There were young girls in kimonos who served liquor to the guests. The bride had received an engagement ring and at the wedding she received a wedding ring. Furthermore, the guests sang more English songs than they had in the other wedding party.

The next wedding that took place in this village happened to be that of my brother's. This was in 1944. My brother's mar-

*This is a pseudonym used at the request of the writer in order to prevent embarrassment to persons involved.

riage was certainly queer to me. His was not a pure *shimpai* or match-made marriage, nor was it a pure love-marriage. It was a combination of the two. My brother first met his wife through a *baikainin* but after that the decision was left up to them whether or not they wanted to get married. It was only after six months that they decided to get married. Thereupon the *baikainins* arranged all the details of the marriage with the parents of both sides. For the wedding ceremony and party, my sister-in-law did not wear a kimono or dress her hair in the Japanese way. Instead, she wore a white wedding gown and a veil. And as in an American marriage, the bride and bridegroom each had his attendants. The bride also received her ring. The participants of the party were practically all young people who sang Japanese as well as English songs. For the first time, there were no girls dressed in kimonos to serve liquor.

The last marriage that took place in this small neighborhood was that of my sister. Her wedding took place this year. My sister's was a love-marriage but there were still traces of "shimpai marriage." The go-betweens didn't come into the picture until after my sister and my brother-in-law had decided to get married. After that the go-betweens appeared to settle all marriage matters between the parents of both sides. I am sure that before long, even this trace of "shimpai marriage" will disappear, and the young people will be left to choose their own mates and to settle their own problems.

So far all the marriages that I have cited were marriages not involving racial problems. However, there was one inter-racial marriage which became the concern of the neighborhood. This was a marriage between the son of our neighbor and a haole girl which took place about a year ago in a Midwestern city. The bride and bridegroom were both university students. The bridegroom had been the pride of our village until he married the haole girl. He was an excellent student as well as a good orator. While living in Campville, he had been president of his high school class during the sophomore and junior years. Besides that he had been the president of several local clubs. As an orator, he had won many honors. At the mainland university, he was making A's in almost all of his courses. But the very fact that he had married a haole girl lowered his prestige. His name was no longer spoken of with pride.

I remember the time when his parents first mentioned his marriage to my parents. His father has said, *"Konna ni wa honto ni*

chikara wo otoshita." (I have certainly lost hope in him). Then my father said that at least he had his stepson to depend on. But this did not comfort him much. As he was talking of his son's marriage to a haole girl I could detect his feeling of shame and regret.

As months passed, these feelings of shame and regret disappeared. Our neighbors even became eager to see their new daughter-in-law. But it is evident that had their son married a Japanese girl, they would have been happier. As it is now, they have forgiven him, but they are not as proud of him as they were before. Some of the members of the village still think that it was a disgrace for one of their members to have married a haole girl, but the majority of the people have decided that there was nothing wrong in his getting married to a haole.

His two sisters, who are both university students, are proud of their brother and sister-in-law. Probably as time passes, this boy will regain his prestige in our village. Meanwhile, inter-racial marriages are avoided as much as possible. I am sure that some parents would still go so far as to disown their son or daughter upon marrying a Filipino.

This reminds me of a Japanese girl who married a Filipino laborer who lived nearby. She was immediately disowned by her entire family. It is about three years since her marriage, but her family has not forgiven her yet. I doubt whether she will be forgiven in the near future. Our neighborhood has a long, long ways to go before all inter-racial marriages will be tolerated.

In connection with marriages, I have always been puzzled why the Japanese out-caste or Chorinbos (Etas) are looked down upon with such contempt. I have often asked my mother why they are an outcaste, but she has never given me a satisfactory answer. Once she told me that they were believed to have come from China, and that is why they are considered outcastes. But this surely is not the answer. All I know is that if I should ever marry a Chorinbo, my family would in all probability disown me. Although at present the feeling against marriage with a Chorinbo is strong, I am quite certain that this feeling will disappear as our parents pass away.

One belief of the older Japanese members of our village which simply isn't reasonable to me is the belief that once a girl gets married, her first duty is to her in-laws. This belief has brought much unhappiness to a young bride. I believe that the best way to avoid this trouble is to live separately from the in-laws. Just

because you are the oldest son of a Japanese family doesn't mean that you should have to live with your parents forever. According to the Japanese custom, my oldest brother is supposed to live with my parents. Actually he is not living with them. He lives separately with his wife and child but with the understanding that he and his wife will look after my parents when they become old. This is certainly a departure from the traditional Japanese custom and yet nobody in our neighborhood criticized this action.

In this tiny plantation village, the people, old and young, could not help but assimilate American culture. As the old Japanese immigrants have discovered, it is difficult for an immigrant to cling to his country's customs without modificaton. Here in this tiny village of Campville, one can observe the many ways in which the people are becoming more and more Americanized.

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WEDDING CEREMONIES: 1938-1945

Chiyo Gushiken

August 3, 1948, what an exciting day it was for us! For the first time there was to be a wedding in our family. Besides, it was a son who was to be married. In all Japanese families, the marriage of a son is a greater occasion than that of a daughter. Before the wedding, my parents, together with my aunt and uncle, went to the home of the girl's parents, to *morau* her. This was to ask the parents for their daughter. The request was accepted.

The following week a party (*yu-i-nobi*) was held at the home of the girl's parents to make it known that the girl was to be "given to us." This is like an engagement party. As the custom goes, the boy's parents bring the *yu-i-no* (money) to be given to the girl's parents as a token of goodwill and thanks. At this party the wedding day was agreed upon. But because Mother was alarmed by the "washwomen" who told her about the desirability of choosing a "good luck" day rather than a "bad luck" day for a wedding, she consulted an *Odaisan* (fortune-telling priest) who looked into his book and determined that the couple were a good match, for they were matched as "tree and water" (analogy—a tree needs water to live). But, he said the wedding day was a

day of "bad luck". Thus, the wedding date was changed to a day of "good luck."

For one week before the wedding my cousin and I had to go to the house of the *Okusan* or teacher to learn the correct way of serving the *sake* to the family and close relatives of both sides. This is known as the art of *Mikazuke.* On the wedding day, brother went with his parents and aunt and uncle (*hakodoni*) for his bride. The bride came with her attendants, all dressed in *montsuki* (Japanese wedding costume), and also a truckload of her belongings. Customarily the bride brings a sewing machine, a *futon* (quilt), and a dresser, besides her personal things.

The wedding feast was held in true Japanese style. The place was lined with mats and there were strips of paper with characters decorating the place. The number of plates of each type of food had symbolical significance as they were placed before the guests. For example, there had to be three plates of each food on each table because it was a wedding. For a funeral, however, the number would have been four. Such trifling things as this were strictly followed. A wedding feast made in true Japanese style is a complicated problem. As another part of the ceremony the bride changed her kimono five times in less than four hours during the course of the feast.

With a few exceptions, the guests were all members of the in-group, that is, Okinawans. The entertainment was strictly Okinawan.

Three days after the wedding ceremony, the girl's family and relatives came to the boy's home. Special food was made for them again. Then a week after the wedding, the boy's family and relatives went to the girl's home. With this the Japanese wedding ceremony ended, and because she became the wife of the eldest son, both of them lived with our family.

On December 22, 1945, another son was married. This occasion was quite different from that of 1938. The custom of asking for the girl and presenting the *yuino* was carried out in the same manner, but it was done very simply, and not with all the Japanese pomp that went with the other wedding. The wedding ceremony was strictly American. It was a Christian church wedding. The reception held at home was truly cosmopolitan. Beneath the shelter made of coconut leaves decked with poinsettias and lilies, there were benches and tables. (No one was going to squat.) The atmosphere was filled with Hawaiian music and there were hostesses in kimonos and gowns. The food was different, too.

In the 1938 wedding there was no wedding cake, as it had no significance for the people present, but in 1945 the cake was the highlight of the feast. The food was cosmopolitan with *sushi, nishime, sashimi, poi, haupia, kalua, opihi,* roast pork, fried chicken, chop suey, salad, Chinese pork, in other words, Japanese, Hawaiian, American and Chinese food. The guests were cosmopolitan. The Nakamuras (representing the Naichis or non-Okinawan Japanese) were enjoying themselves just as much as the Oshiros (representing the Okinawans). Among our guests were representatives of old American missionary families, and persons with Chinese, Filipino, German, Portuguese, Spanish, Hawaiian, and Polish names.

Teddy, the "Kanaka," played the steel guitar as my cousin sang and Mrs. Schmidt and my "hapa-haole" cousin danced the hula. There were English, Japanese, Hawaiian, and Okinawan vocal solos as well as Okinawan and Naichi dances. All voices blended together as they cheered the entertainers. Deep into the night the rousing party went on and on yet there were no neighbors complaining, for all of them were participating.

The following day the couples were off to a honeymoon.

The contrast between the wedding ceremonies of 1938 and 1945 shows that during the lapse of time something had happened. In 1938, we tried to follow the Japenese custom very strictly. Why? At this time the in-group feeling of the Japanese people was very strong. There were Japanese schools, Japanese shows, Japanese clubs, and various organizations and celebrations which taught us the Japanese way of living. Church weddings were confined only to the "haolefied" people. Who would have thought of serving *kalua* and *poi* with *sushi* and *sashimi?* That would have been ridiculous. It would have been the public talk for weeks.

"No likee Kanaka music," or "No likee Kanaka, Filipino, or Portuguese come to party," would have been the comments if the guests of 1945 had gone to the wedding of 1938. There had been only about five Naichi guests at the 1938 ceremony. Why? At this time the Naichi and Okinawan peoples were not too cooperative. The Naichi people looked down upon us. Ethnocentrism was very strong. This was the time all groups lived rather more according to their own parental cultures, not wishing to learn other cultures.

How and why was there such a great difference in the 1945

wedding? It was held in exactly the same place, only a different time. But, why all the change? The answer is, the war. When Pearl Harbor was attacked, we all broke from our groups to work together against a common enemy. The Okinawan and Naichi people began to cooperate more closely, for we had one important thing in common: the other nationalities looked upon us with suspicion. We tried to prove our loyalty through cooperation in Red Cross work, canteen and kiawe corps, service bond buying, etc. Our brothers in the 100th and 442nd helped us feel more at ease at home. Gradually we were able to work together with the other nationalities. The thought that our boys were going into the army together with the Ferreira boys and the Smith boy brought us more closely together. We all had equally interesting news to discuss when we received letters from the boys.

I remember how one day I was told to report to the Koloa Court House immediately and I hurriedly did so, too. "I'm Chiyo Gushiken, I was told to report here," I told the officer at the desk. Just then in came an officer, "So you're Miss Gushiken, eh? C'mon outside, I have a message to give you. My son who was stationed with your brother has come home and he has told me to tell your mother that your brother is doing fine." And that was why I had to report to the Court House IMMEDIATELY.

Whenever there were memorial services in our town, we all went to honor the soldier regardless of whether he was a member of our group. The memorial services and farewell parties given to boys leaving for war united the people of my town.

Yes, the war loosened that strong in-group feeling. Now we were willing to accept cultures other than the Japanese. Everything was changing so fast that by the time brother came back from Italy, the Japanese style of marriage was held in contempt. With the aid of the other nationalities his wedding was held in true cosmopolitan style.

A NOTE ON HUMAN NATURE

Romanzo Adams*

To be human is to live in *time.* Through memory the past is a possession. Through imagination we anticipate the future. The past and the future are organized in the present. Because there is memory there is history—tradition. The horse does not write history. The dog does not carry a wrist watch and could not comprehend what it means to us if he did have one. Because we anticipate the future we have purpose, we make plans. A plan is an organization of ways and means for the achievement of a purpose.

Granted that one has a purpose one cannot help but discover that some sorts of behavior are contributory to its realization and that other sorts of behavior are obstacles to its realization—tend to prevent its realization. From the standpoint of the purpose the one sort is good, the other bad. The purpose supplies the basis for organizing life. One has a consistent life organization when all of one's behavior is organized in the interest of the achievement. There is the open course for the contributory and the closed way for the obstructive. There is expression and there is repression. The lower animals may act from the impulse of the moment, but man must control impulse in the interest of his purpose.

It is this organization of life that makes possible the peculiarly human sort of interest in life—the interest that utilizes the past and looks forward to the future. A planned life is an interesting life. The gradual unfolding of the plan, the step by step progress toward a goal commands our interest.

Who would be interested in a race if there were no conception of a goal?

A man of character is one who has a rather definite technique for the achievement of his purpose. One knows what to expect of him. He does not react to a situation in a random way, but in a more or less predetermined way that is an expression of his character. His behavior is predetermined in

*This fragment was found among the papers left by the late Professor Romanzo Adams. It is obviously incomplete, but it is being included because it serves to introduce the following two papers, which illustrate the point Adams was trying to make, that there is a close relationship between a purposeful human personality and a stable moral order. The fragment is being reproduced without revision.

harmony with his beliefs, ideals, standards, habits and personality. A man of good character is one whose life organization is consistent.

One's life organization is a social matter—it involves one's social relationships. One must more or less conform to the expectations of the people of one's group. There is social control. One's purpose is social. One's life organization cannot be consistent unless it is consistent with the existence of similar life organizations of other people.

If one's life is well organized he sees life whole. For the lack of a consistent life organization one sees life in a fragmentary way—the parts not true parts of a true whole.

A consistent personal life organization is possible only in a society of a reasonably stable sort. Character is defined against a stable social background—one in which there are unquestioned ideals and standards. Where society is not thus stable, personal character cannot be developed. In the absence of a moral order in which there is confidence, good personal character does not come into being. Social control is essential to individual self control.

Where the moral order is undermined the individual does not have a consistent life organization. Purpose is shifting and unsure. One lives moment to moment—drifts moment to moment—irresolute, irresponsible—a creature of uncontrolled impulse. There is no far distant purpose adequate for the control of behavior. One behaves inconsistently—ineffectively.

RELIGION IN OUR FAMILY

Masako Tanaka*

Religion has for several generations played an important role in our family. My grandfather and grandmother (my father's parents) had always been devout Buddhists who spent much of their time praying and attending services in temples and in other people's homes. Religious faith had a great influence upon Father from his early youth, and also upon Mother after she got married and came to live with them. And now we in turn are under the strong influence of our parents.

Although my parents do not make a lot of fuss about dances, dates, and acquiring a higher education, like many other Japanese parents, they are very particular when it comes to religious customs and traditions which are ignored in many homes.

Every morning before breakfast, each member of the family is expected to pray before the altar. We must also thank God for the food before and after each meal.

In the morning, each person usually prays individually, since we all rise at different times and are not ready for breakfast at the same time. However, in the evening the whole family gathers before the altar to pray before going to bed. No one is allowed to go to bed before praying, so usually when a member of the family wishes to go to bed early, he lights the candles, burns some incense and taps the little gong that is on the altar. No matter who rings the gong, whether it be Father or the baby of the family, all members of the family will quickly assemble in the room, where our nearly a century old altar is placed.

Then Father sits at the head of the group before the altar and leads the family in prayers. The prayers are difficult and we children do not understand anything we are saying. However, we have been saying them since we were very young, even before we started for school. Everyone in our family knows them so well that we can say them without even thinking.

Every morning Mother places newly cooked rice and fresh flowers on the altar. Also whenever we have anything good to eat, like fruits and candies, or when we make anything special, like mochi or cakes, something is always placed on the shrine. We have been taught since we were very young never to eat anything that is given to the family or that is specially made without first offering some to God. Although pastries, fruits and candies are offered, meat, fish, eggs and other flesh of living things are not offered. It is against our religion to do so.

*This is a pseudonym used, at the request of the writer, in order to prevent embarrassment to persons involved.

The offering of food to God isn't such a bad idea after all, for in the evening after the prayers are over, it is taken down from the altar and divided among the members of the family. Therefore the younger children always light the candles and assemble the family early, so that they can enjoy the nice things.

On Sundays, with other children of the neighborhood, my brothers and sisters and I all walk to the Community Sunday school which is located about a mile away. Every child feels it is his duty to go to Sunday school, so fortunately, my parents do not have to coax us, as parents of other families do.

In a recent disaster, I was able to observe the important role of religion in the family. On April 1, 1946, my fourteen-year-old brother Fred was lost in the tidal wave with twenty-five other students and teachers of X school. When the disaster occurred, everyone in the community was upset and there was much disorganization in the community. This was the first time that I could clearly see the difference between one family which had great faith in God and others which had very little faith.

At the time of the disaster, families which were less religious and had very little faith in God cried and cried, blamed their loss upon the waves, the principal of the school, seismologists, and anybody else whom they could possibly accuse. They damned God for making them lose their sons and daughters while other people's children were spared. Of course my parents felt the loss just as keenly and greatly as anyone else. I'm quite sure Fred was just as dear to them as the other children were to their parents, and that the thought must have occurred to them, "Why did our son have to go when the neighbors' children returned safely?" However, they did not blame others for our misfortune, nor did they curse against God for taking away a member of our family. Instead they prayed very hard and tried to make themselves and the rest of the family understand that God wanted it that way, that Brother Fred had only been loaned to us, and that that was the day set for his return to God's land. They shed many, many tears but they were not hysterical like many other parents. It was not because they did not love their child as much as other parents, but because they had such great faith in God. They felt that Fred was safe and that we need not worry for God would take care of

the rest. My parents were much more self-possessed than many other parents who had lost their children.

When I first found out that Fred was missing, I was very much afraid to notify my parents for fear that my mother might lose her mind or something dreadful might happen to her from the great shock. But much to my surprise I found that my mother and father acted much more sensibly than many other parents whom I had seen. For the first time I was very grateful that my parents and family had great faith in God, which guided them and gave them great comfort during those dark and grievous moments when we were most in need of help.

Like most true Buddhists, we held an elaborate service for Fred. Since we could not find his body, we only had his picture at his service. We went through all the proper rituals regarding the dead. Our family and close relatives attended the temple the following day and on the seventh day we had another service at our home. On the forty-ninth day, we gave two packages of coffee to all the families who had extended their sympathy during our bereavement. We also had a service at our home that night. When one year passed by, another service was held for Fred. After these services, we always served food, but no meat, fish, or eggs were used. Also, an even number of different kinds of foods were prepared. We held all of the required services, hoping to help the spirit of the dead one to follow the right road to heaven.

Like a majority of the Buddhists, our family has always adhered very closely to the customs of Bon.[1] Every Bon festival, we decorate our family plot with lanterns, flowers, and food. We also pour some water on the tombstone, meant to soothe the thirst of the dead. Then we light the candles, burn some incense, and all pray together. After our family plot has been taken care of, we place candles, incense, and flowers on our friends' graves and especially on the graves of those that have no one to decorate them. We also place incense and flowers on a huge tombstone which has an opening at the bottom in which are placed the bones that have been accidently dug up. Then we usually attend a service or the gala Bon dance, if any is held. I usually went to a Bon dance not with the intention of dancing, but to try to get as many towels as I could to have Mother make an attractive blouse for me. Of course that was not the right spirit to go with to a Bon dance.

Another significant thing about Bon, before the war, was that

[1] The memorial celebration during the seventh month when the spirits of the dead are said to return to earth.

we always gave lanterns to the family who had lost members of their family in the preceding war.

Our family has always participated in the monthly services conducted at one house after another. Each family takes a turn holding the service at their house and all the people go to their home to hear the priest. After the service, food is served and people indulge in gossip and discuss community problems. Food at this type of service includes meat and fish. Also each month, the families take turns in collecting money to pay for the priest.

Most of the community's young children attend these services to enjoy the food. That is how a typical monthly service is held in our community.

As I compare the customs in our home when my grandparents were living with the family customs of our home today, I can clearly see the changes that are gradually taking place. But I do not mean that because we are adhering less and less to the traditions and customs our religious faith is weakening.

One of the first changes which I notice is that our daily prayers are much shorter than they used to be when Grandpa led the family. He always used to chant prayers that took at least one hour and a half to complete. So, we often got bored and would sneak away and go to bed. Of course, Grandpa used to be furious with us. Nowadays, our prayers are only about five minutes long. Only on special occasions are longer prayers chanted.

The practice of offering cooked rice twice a day is reduced to once a day now.

Another change which I notice concerns the fasting on the death days of anyone of our family or a close kin. On those days our grandparents fasted and refrained from meat and fish for the three meals of the day, for forty-nine days. They were very particular about the tradition. However, when Fred died, Dad excused the family from fasting after the seventh day. He felt that with all the worries, shock, and disappointment we would ruin our health. He believes that we should eat everything to bring back our health to normal.

As one of the traditions, our family always fasts on the first, twelfth, and seventeenth of the month in honor of Fred, Grandpa, and Grandma respectively. We used to fast three meals a day but now we refrain from fish and meat only one meal a day. These are some of the changes that have taken place in our traditions and will continue to change from generation to generation.

I believe that religion has a great deal to do with maintaining happiness in the family. As yet, although our family is large, we have very few serious problems concerning the members of the family. Religion seems to help keep the children out of trouble.

Judging from our family, although ours is far from a perfect family, I believe that if more families would worship God and had more faith in Him, there would be fewer conflicts, delinquences, crimes, and broken homes, today. Religion to some people has helped a great deal in times of disaster and sorrow, and to many others it has given hope. It helps make this world a happier and a more comfortable place to live in.

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MOTHER AND HER TEMPLE

Margaret Miki

Mother is a devout Buddhist. It has never occurred to her to doubt the existence of a Supreme Being. That to others this Being is personified in the figure of Christ or Mohammed or any other "one" seems to be of no concern to her. Buddha personifies God for her and that is all that matters.

To one whose faith is centered in the temple, it was a blow to have all communications halted with the coming of the war. December 7th, 1941 not only curtailed many privileges for aliens but it closed the doors of the temple to Mother and many others like her. It was not only a black-out during the evenings but a total black-out of Mother's spiritual life.

For days I remember Mother was too engrossed in other immediate activities to be openly concerned with the question of her temple and the priests residing there. But as the passing of the days brought back a bit of equilibrium, one day I heard her calling her friend. As though she already sensed the deep disapproval of society of anything Japanese, she carried on her conversation in a low pitch. I was openly eavesdropping. Part of it went as follows:

> Kinoshita san, what do you think happened to *our* temple? Do you think that they (the priests) were all taken into internment camps? I wonder if Mrs. M is still there. I want to go so very much but I'm afraid.

The answer from the other end seemed to be one of discouragement for Mother heaved a great sigh and there were signs of tears in her eyes. This brought to me the realization that the prospect of years without the right to pray aloud in the language she understood was to Mother one of the most personal losses from the war. It did not matter to her or to the older generation whether or not they understood all of the prayers they uttered. What mattered was the strong feeling of belonging together that they experienced on Sundays. Mother's we-group was torn apart and she felt lost. Perhaps if the Buddhist temples had remained open during the war years, the older generation could have found some form of relief from their feelings of insecurity.

Week days were not very bad since other activities crowded the day and there was no time to waste in brooding. But on Sundays, when others dressed to attend their church services, the lost look on Mother's face was pitiful. The behavior pattern of twenty-one years so suddenly destroyed could not be replaced by another in such a short while. Often I would see her take out her Japanese prayer book and thumb her way through it, her lips moving to denote that she was praying.

Before the war, funerals of friends had been times when Mother and her friends gathered to express their sympathy together in the form of Buddhist prayers and rituals. Now it was no longer possible to do so. After attending several funeral services for friends, I heard her say to this same friend of hers:

> Don't you think it's a pity to die now? One can't even be buried decently.

The friend replied:

> It just doesn't seem final without the smell of the incense, the temple gong, and the chanting of the prayers at funerals. These haole services are so incomplete and cold. There almost seems to be no respect for the dead. What is this world coming to?

Mother and her friend obviously missed the elaborate rituals that accompanied Buddhist funerals. To her a person was not really dead and properly buried until there were services of *O-tsu-ya* and the chanting of prayers by black or red robed priests. That perhaps sorrow might be eased and emotions controlled by the calm services of the Christian religion did not seem to occur to them. She ended this phase of her conversation by saying:

> I don't want to die until the temples are reopened and the priests return from the internment camps. Then I'll be assured of a *decent* funeral.

With the decrease of the community's suspicion towards the aliens, it was gradually possible for a few of the women to at least help in the upkeep of the physical appearance of the temple. This occasion came once a month. Knowing the resistence we youngsters showed to anything associated with Japan, Mother did not try to share her experience with us. Somehow we, her children, had become an out-group so far as the temple question was concerned. Nothing was said but the barrier was there.

The jubilation of V-J Day was not complete for Mother until the news came that the priests were returning once more and that the temples would be reopened. This was the real end of the war for her.

It has taken months to reconvert the dismantled temple, but the speed with which the older generation organized themselves was amazing. As I saw the effectiveness of the united labor of the members of the temple I could understand the feeling of suspicion, bordering on hostility, that many non-Orientals felt towards the Japanese. I could also understand why politicians still harp on the question of bloc-voting. Granting that in this instance the energy of this group was being used in constructive avenues and for religious goals, nevertheless, the intense we-group feeling the older members nurtured was a thing that gave me food for thought.

With the reopening of the temple, however, I have seen Mother regain many of her values and her purpose of living. What was during the war quite a bleak existence with a strong under-current of insecurity is now once more a more meaningful existence. The days of a week, no matter how burdensome, seem to become a thing of the past when she goes to the temple.

Sometime ago on the way home from school, I was seated in the front of the bus. Next to me was an elderly woman of about fifty-five years. She, evidently, was one of these women who are hired by the day by Caucasians to do the laundering or house cleaning. About two bus stops after she had gotton on the bus, another Japanese woman boarded the bus. I gathered she was a friend of the first woman. After the usual exchange of courtesies in such a loud tone of voice that I felt uncomfortable, I heard the first woman say to the second:

> My only pleasure now is to go to the temple on Sunday morning and to the movie after that. All my troubles seem to "fall off my shoulders" on Sunday. The temple, the movies, and perhaps some day a grandson are the only interests in my life.

This woman, my mother, and many others like them have once more been able to pick up the threads of a stable life.

One Sunday afternoon I went to the temple to satisfy my curiosity as to what really happens there to give the aliens this feeling of stability. Contrary to the feeling of restfulness that one receives upon entering some churches, the atmosphere was one of festivity. The worshippers chanted their prayers loudly, Mother not the least among them. I knew that ninety per cent of them did not know the meaning of the prayers they were repeating so enthusiastically after the priest. I doubt if they ever stopped to wonder about the meaning. The thought that prayer is really a way in which one communes with a Supreme Being and tries to face the realities of life, to adjust oneself to the Supreme Being, and to understand oneself, appears to be entirely foreign to them. To chant prayers (difficult words that are just words to them) with their hands together was and is sufficient for them. This they all sum up as being *a-ri-ga-tai.* (In a sense this denotes appreciation or thankfulness.)

After the services were over all the old women clattered downstairs chatting loudly in Japanese. It was the first time in four years that I had heard genuine chuckling that came without any restraint from the throats of the older women. They nudged each other at times, exchanged the latest gossip, and actually let out sounds that we would classify as giggling. These women were actually youthful on Sunday afternoons.

To me it meant more than that. It meant that there in the temple Mother and the older generation are once more able to rebuild their self-respect. The war, among other things, took away much of the authority that they held in the home. Much of what they did and said was brushed aside by the younger generation, namely their own children, as being "Japanesey" or "Bobura-ish". They have had to restrain themselves in the matter of self-expression due to the silent reprimands from the society at large and the general forbidding atmosphere symbolized by the slogan, "Speak American".

At the temple they are in a sense, "free". They may converse, laugh, and think together in Japanese. There are no impatient answers or frowns, but rather congeniality. There, they are not the "old lady" and "old man" of some young citizen but personalities whose ideas are respected. There, they count as human beings.

I am not advocating the indefinite retention of the Buddhist

temples. Left alone, and ignored by the younger generation, they gradually will be reduced to a mere skeleton. But at present they do have a vital function in the lives of our older generation. One may add an emotional appeal by saying, "The old folks have worked so hard. Why deny them the satisfaction that their temple worship gives them?" If the temples can continue to rehabilitate many others like Mother, can somehow make them feel comfortable in this new atomic age, then Buddhism has accomplished its greatest good in Hawaii.

I have seen the war cause Mother and her friends to lose their footing in the family and in society. I have sensed their feeling of inadequacy and insecurity. For these reasons I do feel that we can accept the temples and their rituals.

Mother is a devout Buddhist. She accepts the existence of a Supreme Being and is contented with her conception of It in the form of Buddha. Her faith centered in the temple gives her happiness and after all that is the thing that counts, for is not happiness in life the ultimate goal of every human being?

MY FAMILY

Dorothy Yashima

My family consists of seven persons: Father, Mother, two boys and three girls. Father is 58, Mother is 55, and the children's ages are: Big Sister, 30; Big Brother 25; Second Sister, 24; myself, 20; and Little Brother, 14. No one has married, and all live at home.

Father is head of the house, and his opinions are respected by all. He runs a little grocery store owned by Big Sister. Mother is a housewife, and her functions are feeding, caring for, clothing, and worrying about the family. She is physically weak, and all the members of the family protect her, and try to ease her burden. Big Sister manages the store and dominates the family's business affairs. Big brother works at Hickam Field as a carpenter and contributes his pay check to the family. He is the quiet member of the household, but is an important figure in family affairs because he is the eldest son. Second Sister works at the store. Little Brother and I attend school. We help at home or at the store.

Father and Mother together discipline the family and the older children have a hand in the discipline of the youngsters. If Little Brother and I are scolded by Big Sister, we "talk back" and try to justify our actions, but if Mother scolds us, we seldom do, and if Father is the one doing the scolding, we don't dare "talk back".

Both my parents are Japan-born, and had only a Japanese elementary school education. They respect our opinions for there is much that they can learn through us, just as they can teach us. The three older ones out of school have all graduated from high school. Second Sister has graduated from business school, Big Brother went to vocational school before serving in the Army, and Big Sister has had correspondence courses and taught at an island Japanese school for two years. When Father has difficulty in reading the newspaper, he asks one of us, "What is this word? What does it mean?" Mother neither reads nor writes much English, but since the war we have taught her the alphabet and to write her name in English, and to recognize words like LILIHA, KALIHI and KAIMUKI, so that in going from place to place she wouldn't be too greatly inconvenienced.

Father and Mother consult each other a great deal. For example when Little Brother asks permission to go to a show:

Little Brother: Mama—I can go to movies? (Mother is always asked first).
Mother: See what *Oto-san* says.
Little Brother: *Oto-san,* I want to go show.
Father: You just went last time. Too often is no good. Did you ask Mama? What she say?
Little Brother: She said ask you.
Father: If she says all right you may go. But not next week again if you go today.
Little Brother: Mama, *Oto-san* said ask you and if you say all right, I can go.
Mother: All right, but come home early.

Evening mealtime is the only time during the day when the whole family sits at the table together. During the day, Father and the girls eat at home in shifts, the youngsters are in school, and Big Brother at work. The family saves its choicest bits of gossip, anecdotes, and the day's experience to relate to the members at this time. These dinner sessions have helped greatly in maintaining the feeling of group solidarity in our family.

Religion plays an important part in our lives. In those days when we attended language school at Fort Gakuen and at Hongwanji, regular attendance at the Buddhist Sunday School there came naturally to us. When the Buddhist churches were closed as a result of the war, our religious education stopped. During the war years we three sisters visited a Methodist church now and then but somehow we felt we didn't "belong". The director of Christian Education of this church encouraged us to join their groups and sent us cordial letters. We still kept back. Then the letters changed in tone and expressed regret and sorrow in the director's failure to "convert" us. We kept away completely after that. During this irregular "Christian interlude" in our lives, my parents never lifted a finger against our seeming to "change" religions, and we felt that we were free to choose as we wished.

About this time also. Little Brother changed from a public school to a private one. At St. Louis College, he got, and is still getting heavy doses of Catholicism. He wants to become a Catholic, which is the only religion he is familiar with, and to him no other religion exists. In his immature mind, he believes that we are all atheists and will go to purgatory. He is unhappy because we tell him to wait until he is older and knows his own mind before joining the Catholic church. "If I die, I cannot be saved," he says.

Buddhism has been our family religion for many generations. My Issei parents are deeply religious and teach us what they learned from their parents. Through religious stories we have got

our lessons in honesty, patience, peace, respecting our elders, and of an awareness of our everlasting obligations (o-n) to them.

Every morning when Father gets up he lights a candle or incense at the family shrine. Then he taps the little bronze bowl that has a clear, ting! ting! sound, and prays to the ancestors. When Mother wakes up she also pays homage. This ritual is gone through every morning, but we children are not forced to do so.

Certain religious days call for special rituals. In our small family shrine, we have three small wooden sticks with the names of my three dead sisters. This morning is the day on which the younger of the three died. Mother said, "Today you must light some *sen ko* (incense) for Yae-san and pray for her." I obediently did as she said. I stood in front of the *hotoke sama* and put the palms of my hands together. I lighted two sticks of incense and said, *"na mu ami da butsu",* three times to myself. I don't understand the meaning of the words, but I know that everybody says them. Today we will eat no meat or fish but only tofu, vegetables, and rice.

Sometime, on a death day the whole family goes to the temple where the bones of two of the girls are kept in small sealed boxes. These boxes are all in a large room where hundreds of such boxes are put. I have the impression that the priests guard them with their lives. The priest on duty brings out the box of the one we have come to pray for, and chants long prayers and hits the gong. At the front of the temple there is a large wooden bowl with burning embers and next to it a small box with fragrant incense which feels and looks like ground tobacco. While the priest is still chanting, Father walks to the front, stops a few feet before the bowl, prays with his palms together, and then steps up to the bowl. He prays again, pinches a bit of the ground incense between his thumb and forefinger, brings it up to his forehead, and drops it in the bowl from which thin smoke is slowly rising. Then he prays again and returns to his seat. After him Mother goes up and then the others one by one do the same.

We observe another ritual every New Year's Day. When the old year draws to a close, it is the busiest time of the year. The whole house must be cleaned. On New Year's Eve, we all wait for 12:00 o'clock, when *so-ba* (black nodles) is served. *So-ba,* unlike noodles and saimin, breaks easily into short bits. This signifies that all the last year's bad luck is broken up and gotten rid of. In the morning a special breakfast of *zo-ni,* a soup made of *mochi* (rice dumpling), abalone or fish, and vegetables, is served.

On this day everything has a special touch to it. Mother formally addresses each one individually: *"Oto-san, o me de to go zai masu, Nii-chan, o me de to,"* and so on *around* the table. And then she makes a little speech to this effect: "We have again greeted a new year. May we all have good health and happiness. You children will be obedient to *Oto-san* and *Oka-san.* Let us hope that we have a good year." She serves Father a tiny cup of Japanese sake (rice liquor) and the cup is passed around to every one of us. I remember that Mother used to dab a little sake on our forehead when we were young.

Marriage is another institution strongly bound by tradition. When Big Brother marries, his wife must come to live with us. This is an understanding that goes without saying. If Big Sister marries, she would go away to live because Big Brother is home to carry on the family name and to look after Mother and Father. Mother hears much gossip about young brides being mean to their mothers-in-law, and feels distressed about such behavior. "In Japan," she say, "there are many stories about mean mothers-in-law, but here the situation is usually just the reverse."

"RACIAL" STATISTICS IN HAWAII

Bernhard L. Hormann

"He hath overthrown the chief of the Nubians; the Negro is helpless in his grasp. He hath united the boundaries of his two sides, there is not a remnant among the Curly-Haired." Thus does an ancient Egyptian inscription celebrate the victory about 3500 years ago of Pharoah Thutmose I over his enemies.[1] It is one of the earliest known records of a people classifying men "racially."

At the present time the U. S. Census Bureau and the Territorial Bureau of Health Statistics use a nine-fold classification by "race" when publishing statistical information about the people of Hawaii. The following groups are listed: Hawaiian, Part Hawaiian, Puerto Rican, Caucasian, Chinese, Japanese, Korean, Filipino, and All Others.

These two agencies are in agreement about the categories to be used in the racial classification. The Census Bureau is usually the pace-setter when a change in classification is to be made, but in 1900 their attempt to introduce Mainland racial categories proved so confusing that it did not gain any local acceptance in the Territory. Since then the Census Bureau has followed closely the consensus of suggestions coming from various sources in Hawaii. The Census Bureau operates on the principle that the best classification is one which, while if possible maintaining continuity with previous censuses, is recognized and used by the people of a community. For instance, in 1930 its instructions to enumerators on the Mainland for classifying a person as Indian were "to return as Indians, not only those of full Indian blood, but also those of mixed white and Indian blood, 'except where the percentage of Indian blood is very small,' or where the individual was 'regarded as a white person in the community where he lives."[2]

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[1]James Henry Breasted, *Ancient Records of Egypt* (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1906), Vol II, p. 71.

[2]The Census practice of counting all persons of no matter how small a proportion of Negro blood as Negroes of course accords with the general practice in all Mainland communities of classifying such persons as Negroes. The only exception is when a person "passes," as white. Such a person, no longer having enough Negro blood to be "visible," goes to a community where his ancestry is unkown, and where he will naturally be classified by his "visibly" white ancestry. He does not even have to change his name, as does the Jew who wishes to pass as a gentile. Regarding a person of mixed Indian and Negro blood, the Census Bureau states he "should be returned as a Negro unless the Indian blood predominates and the status as an Indian is generally accepted in the community."

At the present time, the Honolulu Chamber of Commerce has set up a committee for the purpose of making general recommendations in regard to the 1950 census. One of the sub-committees of this committee is dealing specifically with the question of what population breakdowns, including racial breakdowns, to recommend. It is called the sub-committee on population characteristics and occupation.

When the discussion at the first meeting of this sub-committee was somewhat misleadingly reported in the press, there was aroused an immediate and vital interest in the matter of racial classification, as evidenced by at least one editorial, and a number of letters to the editor. The editorial asked, "Why should an American census of population discriminate between one racial ancestry and another?", and several letters were in the same vein. One criticized "the inclusion in the various registration forms of our University of Hawaii of a question regarding the racial extraction of the applicant. Some mainland universities . . . have struck this question from their registration forms. Why has not the University of Hawaii, an institution which purports to be a leader in the field of inter-racial understanding, done as much?"

A clarification of the matter of racial classification in Hawaii thus is highly desirable. In view of the fact that sociologists are known to be interested in the study of "race relations," the impression is easily gained that they are perpetuating invidious distinctions. This journal, the only sociological publication in Hawaii, seems an appropriate place to attempt such a clarification.

The first fact of importance is that no classification has been permanent, and there is no reason to believe that the present classification is permanent. Actually, it is not even in universal use among governmental agencies in Hawaii.

It is not necessary here to go into the statistical practice under the Monarchy and Republic of Hawaii, and the abortive attempt to introduce mainland practice in the 1900 census has been mentioned. The censuses of 1910, 1920, and 1930 used a somewhat more detailed classification than the one now in use. Part Hawaiians were divided into Caucasian and Asiatic-Hawaiians. The Caucasians were separated into Spanish, Portuguese, Puerto Ricans, and "Other Caucasians."

The Department of Public Instruction has been using a form which lists the following races: Hawaiian, Part Hawaiian, Puerto Rican, Spanish, Other Caucasian, Chinese, Japanese, Korean, Filipino, and All Others. The Police Department of the City and

County of Honolulu also uses this more detailed classification. The various institutions reporting to the Territorial Department of Institutions follow a variety of classifications. Thus, Oahu Prison follows an elaborate classification which lists, among others, Caucasians, Germans, and Portuguese, as well as Negroes. The Board of Paroles and Pardons, on the other hand, uses the nine-fold classification of the 1940 census, as does the Territorial Hospital for the Mentally Ill. The Waialee Training School for Boys specifies several mixtures, including Hawaiian-Eskimo, Chinese-Italian, and Puerto Rican-Spanish, and has altogether sixteen categories for 116 wards. On the other hand, the Kawailoa Training School for Girls uses the shorter nine-fold classification. The annual report of the Department of Public Welfare uses no racial breakdown. There are no statistical summaries about divorces available in any published governmental reports.

Everyone who has any knowledge of the local situation may look at the present nine-fold division and wonder where the several mixtures he is acquainted with are classified. Certain arbitrary rules have been followed in assigning such people to a category, and these rules are based on several somewhat contradictory principles. First, only one kind of mixture is given a classification, the Part Hawaiian. All persons who have no matter how little Hawaiian blood are classified as Part Hawaiian, unless they be pure Hawaiian. This means that in Hawaii, a person of some Negro blood, if he also has Hawaiian blood, will be classified as Part Hawaiian.

Second, the Caucasian and Hawaiian groups are the only ones where the criterion of admission is supposed purity of ancestry. All persons listed as Hawaiians are supposed to be pure Hawaiians, and the same applies to all Caucasians, although the latter may of course be compounded of various European mixtures, such as Portuguese, Russian, English, German.

This leaves, in the third place, the persons of mixed blood who have no Hawaiian in them. These are not, as might be supposed, assigned to the All Others category. They are rather classified according to two principles. If the mixture is Caucasian with one of the other recognized groups: Puerto Rican, Chinese, Japanese, Korean, and Filipino, the person is assigned to these groups. Thus a Caucasian-Puerto Rican or Caucasian-Filipino is classified as Puerto Rican or Filipino. If the mixture is between these other recognized groups, and involves neither Caucasian nor Hawaiian blood, the ancestry of the father takes precedence. Thus a person

whose father is Japanese and whose mother is Korean would be classified as Japanese. An exception would be the child of a Puerto Rican father and an Oriental (Chinese, Japanese, Filipino, Korean) mother. In this case the Asiatic group has precedence and the child is assigned to it.

The All Others category is reserved for several smaller groups and some of the mixed bloods involving these groups. The most important of these smaller groups are Negroes and Samoans. A person of Puerto Rican-Negro ancestry would be put into the All Others group. The Census has occasionally given the totals for these smaller groups, but it has not given any further information about them. The number of Negroes found by the 1940 Census was 255.

The Portuguese group is the largest formerly recognized group which is now no longer given separate status by the Census Bureau and the Bureau of Health Statistics. Many persons of Portuguese ancestry had resented being distinguished from "Other Caucasians," and their sensitivity, as well as the large amount of mixing between the Portuguese and the "Other Caucasians," led to the dropping of this category in the 1940 Census. This now makes it impossible to derive various indices of infant mortality, of educational progress, etc., for this group.

That the Portuguese are no longer statistically identified does not mean that they have achieved complete loss of identity in popular usage.[3] There are other distinctions which are, at least to some extent, popularly recognized, but not statistically noted. One of these, for instance, is the Japanese distinction between the Okinawans and the rest of the Japanese, designated Naichi or "Inside" or "Homeland" Japanese by them. From pre-war Japanese consular records we know that the Okinawans form about fifteen per cent of the total population of Japanese origin in Hawaii (almost 25,000 persons), but the U. S. Census has, of course, not been interested in this distinction. If the Okinawan Islands are by the final peace treaty with Japan separated from that country, and if the United States obtains them as a trust territory, it may yet prove desirable to differentiate between the two groups of Japanese in future censuses.

[3]One occasionally comes across rather startling illustrations of the fact that local people of non-Caucasian ancestry do not always accord Portuguese the same status as that accorded the other Caucasians, called Haoles. Thus a Mainland woman was filling out a form for a local girl. Her directions said that Portuguese were to be classified as Caucasians. To her the term Caucasian was unclear, but if a Portuguese was Caucasian, she felt that a "Haole" could not be, and so she classified her as All Others!

At the present time there is one growing group, which is destined increasingly to be given public recognition, the group of Caucasian-Oriental mixtures. Because of the classification system described above, these people are now all placed into a pure Oriental category. They were counted in the 1942 civilian enumeration, at that time coming to a total of 4,147 in the Territory. In four subsequent fiscal years, the Bureau of Health Statistics has reported the births of an additional 2,135 persons of Caucasian-Oriental ancestry. How many have died or left the Islands we have no way of knowing, but judging from the trends in intermarriage, it is possible to predict that this will be an increasingly important and large group. The Census authorities might well consider whether this is a group that ought to be given statistical recognition. Similarly, the number of persons whose ancestry is mixed Asiatic, having neither Hawaiian nor Caucasian components, is growing steadily. It may also be that the Negro group has grown sufficiently to be listed separately.

The above sketch of the trends in racial classification clearly points out that while, on the one hand, some groups tend to merge, others tend to emerge.

The Census Bureau cannot allow itself to be swayed by every passing whim. The categories it uses must have some stability through the years, lest their value as a record of the changes in a community be lost. In setting up census tracts in a city, the requirement is that the tracts be maintained permanently as outlined. It is thus pertinent to ask what are the principles by which a racial classification, in the first place, and, in the second place, a change in the racial classification, are justified.

Part of the criticism of any racial classification mentioned above stems from a gross misunderstanding. People confuse citizenship with race.

The editorial cited above, while speaking of the pride which the peoples of Hawaii had for their countries of origin, stressed the fact that the important fact is that they are Americans. Apparently many persons forget that race or ancestry does not refer to citizenship. The census of course gets data about citizenship as well as race, and it is when these are related to the racial statistics that we learn of the progress towards American citizenship which even those groups are making, who, like the Japanese, are ineligible for naturalization and can acquire citizenship only by birth or service in the armed forces. In 1940 76.5% of the Japa-

nese population were American citizens, as against 65.3% in 1930.

While it is thus clear that no American's citizenship is being questioned when in Hawaii he is asked to state his race, the query about race nevertheless arouses resentment in some people here. Resentment comes mainly from members of groups who are dissatisfied with their group's social status in Hawaii or who, as in the case of the Japanese during the war, feel an intensification of prejudice by others against their group. To the extent that all non-Haole groups feel some prejudice directed against them from time to time, there can be found some opposition to the racial designations in all groups. These sensitivities are deep-seated and must, even though they be based on misunderstandings, be taken into account in any realistic approach to the matter of racial classification.

Among Haoles, what opposition exists comes mainly from persons who claim that the designations are a deterrent to rapid assimilation.

It is of course true that the application of racial designations to individuals can lead both to needless discrimination and to an accentuation of the distinctions involved. Actually this sort of abuse, although it exists, is not as grave as might be supposed. Honolulu newspapers have for a long time refrained from giving racial designations when reporting on the personalities in the local news. Certain Haole organizations do discriminate against persons of non-Haole ancestry either by seldom or never admitting one to membership, or by assigning, as in the case of one school, a quota to Orientals. Obviously, the public schools and the Universitiy of Hawaii, while they ask registrants to state their race, under no circumstances use race as a criterion for admission.

Such discriminations as do exist are probably a much greater force in prolonging local group differences than the statistical use of the designations.[1] At any rate, it is but a matter of time when the cultural differences among local groups will disappear.

The sociologist has pointed out that the building of a common society out of population elements coming from diverse cultural backgrounds is almost inevitably accompanied by social disorganization, but that this disorganization can be reduced if the process of assimilation can be spread out over several generations rather

[1]On the Mainland Jews are given no separate statistical recognition, but they are discriminated against by clubs and schools.

than concentrated over one or two. From this point of view Old World institutions, such as the language school and the foreign-language press, being inevitably temporary institutions, are aids rather than hindrances in the orderly progress towards effective assimilation. On the other hand, it has been a common historical experience that when a nation has attempted to force the assimilative process in some minority group, this policy has boomeranged, and such a minority group has persisted in maintaining its separate cultural identity. In Hawaii many of the racial organizations, such as the Emergency Service Committee among the Japanese during the war and the Puerto Rican Civic Association, have as their avowed aim to help the members of their group participate on a respected and equal basis as Americans in the affairs of the wider community.

One important use of statistics is to measure the progress towards assimilation. If statistics are kept of the recognized "racial" groups, it is possible to relate any racial statistics of disorganization, such as crime or divorce or mental illness, to the total population, and thus obtain rates which will give an indication of how serious the problems of adjustment are proving to each group. The responsible leadership of each group has found such statistics of inestimable value for showing them where their people needed guidance and help. Thus, just before the war, former Delegate Victor S. Houston was using the available statistics to show that in 1939 the Hawaiians had more than five times as high a rate of illegitimate births per thousand births than the Caucasian and Japanese groups, and then he outlined constructive proposals for meeting this problem.

Public Health authorities use such statistics to discover in what direction ameliorative efforts will prove most effective. Hawaii's tuberculosis death rate is still above that of the nation as a whole. By getting the rates for the local racial groups it immediately becomes apparent that the incidence of tuberculosis is higher, and the problem therefore more acute, among Filipinos and Hawaiians than among Caucasians and Part Hawaiians.

Only when such statistics are kept can certain questions which are of importance in the determination of trends in the Territory be answered. For instance a perennial question in all statehood hearings has been about the existence of bloc voting, but because of the fact that for ten years the statistics of registered and voting citizens has not been kept by race, it is impossible to make certain statistical analyses by which the question could be fairly easily

answered. It is thus more difficult to defend people who are probably no more guilty of the charges made than the people making the accusations.

There can be no doubt about the value of these racial statistics in promoting the cause of assimilation and this practical value far outweighs the possible negative uses to which such statistics can obviously be put by irresponsible or ignorant persons. Actually the lack of detailed and accurate information about the groups in Hawaii would make each group far more vulnerable to irresponsible charges than does the possession of these data.[1]

The census takes statistics about males and females and about age-groups, e.g., the five-to-ten-year-olds as against the ten-to-fifteen-year-olds. Such data have the same practical value. We note, because we have the data, that males have higher crime rates than females, as do people from ten to thirty as compared with older people, and this helps the responsible authorities to deal with the problems of crime in a community.

The main difference between racial statistics and sex and age statistics is that race is not a permanent and clearly definable entity. What is called race in Hawaii may be referred to on the Mainland as race, nationality, minority group, ethnic group, cultural group, and ancestral group. Such terms in Hawaii and on the Mainland, refer to recognized group differences, both cultural and biological. The cultural differences refer to language, religion, nationality, diet, costume, festivals, family customs, family names, and group loyalties. Such differences, like the biological differences, are passed on, in one case socially, in the other biologically, from generation to generation. But the cultural differences are gradually disappearing through education and life in Hawaii, while the biological differences are being mixed through intermarriage, so that members of one family are no longer of the same biological type. Perhaps the term ancestry or ancestral group most clearly expresses the subtleties and it probably does not arouse as much resentment as the term race.

A group of students in a seminar on race relations recently attempted a definition of race which would be satisfactory in the

[1]A safeguard against irresponsible use might be, as Dr. Andrew W. Lind has suggested, not to publish racial statistics about crime, mental illness, etc. in any public reports, but to keep such statistics in a sort of "confidential statistical exchange," for the use of qualified professional persons. This would make possible both the practical application of these statistics in the manner discussed and their application to a scientific understanding of problems of race and race relations on a more general level.

study of race relations. It became clear that no purely biological definition would do. In the first place, physical anthropologists are not in complete agreement. In the second place, groups identified by the physical anthropologists, such as the Alpine, may have no problems of race relations with another group, such as the Mediterranean.

In the practical affairs of men race seems rather to be any ancestral group with recognizable differentiating traits, which may be biological or socio-cultural or both, provided the mutual behavior of this group and other ancestral groups is conditioned by these differences.

Some such definition as this should be in the background when deciding whether a group in Hawaii should be eliminated from or added to the existing classification. It has become impossible to differentiate the Asiatic Hawaiians from the Caucasian Hawaiians and thus it is quite natural to classify them together as Part Hawaiians. On the other hand, the Caucasian-Orientals are differentiated from the Orientals with whom they are now classified and as a result differential behavior patterns are developing. It would seem desirable to give them separate status.[1]

It has been estimated that in another fifty years at least fifty per cent of the local population will be of mixed blood. At that time the Old World cultural traits will also be all but eliminated. Thus the day will come when Hawaii's experience will corroborate the statement in Acts, "And he made of one every nation of men to dwell on all the face of the Earth." (17:26) Then the racial or ancestral classification in the census will be out-dated.

[1]An indication of their separate status is the fact that they are classified as "Cosmopolitan" for the annual "racial" beauty contest at the University.

POSTWAR INVASION OF JAPAN

A Veteran

In 1945 soon after the war ended, I was stationed in Sasebo, Kyushu but soon I was chosen as the interpreter of a party which was to make an investigation of the Osaka-Kobe industrial area on the main island of Honshu. One dark night (the nights are really dark in Sasebo) the Osaka-bound group was assembled and given final instructions. Everything went off as though we were going out on an operation the next day, and about the only thing missing was a final synchronization of watches.

Early the next morning we rolled out of bed and lugged all of our belongings down the steep concrete steps onto a waiting truck, which took us to the railroad depot. We discovered to our dismay that the coach we were to board was on a different track a couple of hundred yards away. The leader of our group, a commander, saved the day. He sent for the station master and made me explain to him that when the train was about to leave it should reverse to our track and stop until we could load our baggage. The station master became all flustered and insisted that such a thing was impossible, but the commander stood firm and would not budge an inch. Meanwhile, it was getting close to the time of departure, and the station master in desperation offered to have his men tote the baggage. This was evidently what our commander wanted, but he, in magnificent control, gave only a weak assent. There and then we discovered one of the mightiest tools at our disposal when we had manual work to be done.

There was one thing I noticed on the train ride which struck me as being rather interesting, the blinds placed in front of all munition plants. Such blinds could be anything from concrete walls to wooden screens, with the one apparent purpose of shielding vital war plants from the direct gaze of train passengers, who could get a momentary glimpse at best. The Japanese appear not to have been too sure of their vaunted national solidarity. Another thing I noticed from the train windows was the havoc which the recent typhoon had wrought on the rice fields. The rice had been weighted down and was about to be harvested when the storm struck, flooding entire fields. Even the fields which suffered least could probably not yield but half of what they would have in normal times. This was another tough break the poor

would have to take, but I am convinced now that they can take anything.

When we reached Omura we went to an airfield and waited there for three days for a plane that was supposed to take us to Osaka, but we waited in vain and had to return to Sasebo. We started out again on a destroyer this time.

We went ashore at the fishing village of Wakanoura which serves as the fleet landing. It was late afternoon and blue-clad sailor boys were gathering at the boat pier to return to their ships after liberty ashore. Immediately after landing I saw the first obvious differences between occupation in a Marine-administered area. Here the rules of occupation seemed to be much more liberal; there were more shops, more people in the streets, more fraternization—an overall atmosphere that was much lighter and gayer.

We drove through Wakayama which is largely destroyed, and were let off at the terminal of the railroad lines between Wakayama and Osaka. While waiting at the station for our train, I was approached by several civilians and plied with all kinds of questions and requests. At first I had an awful time trying to pick up what they said because they talked so fast. One kid wanted to know the cost of taking a course in electrical engineering in the States; another asked if I knew his brother who was presumably in the American Army; several asked me to be let into our coach if we had any room to spare. It was a good thing that the train finally pulled in, for my resources were being taxed to the utmost.

We had been able to commandeer a whole coach for our party, but actually took up little more than a third of it. Since there was such a large crowd waiting outside, the leader of our group generously offered to let the civilians fill up the rear half of our coach. As soon as the word was passed, the crowd rushed in, some even through the windows. We had cause to regret our offer because the crowd began to push into our half, and it was only after threatening and forcibly pushing them back that we had any room left for ourselves. I learned a valuable lesson in dealing with Japanese crowds, as a matter of fact with any crowd —never give an inch, for the good you do is such a trifle compared to the evils that may result.

It was midnight when we pulled into Osaka. All the other trains had stopped running for the night, but the immediate vicinity of the entrance turnstiles was jammed. These were the

people awaiting the next morning's trains. They slept on the concrete floor or formed circles and jabbered away continuously to while away the time.

It was about 2 a.m. when we finally pulled up to the New Osaka Hotel which is not too bad by American standards, and damn good for this place. We went to sleep in the lobby, on chairs and sofas, but our sleep was not to be enjoyed too long. Along about five in the morning an excited staff sergeant woke us and begged us, the enlisted men that is, to "make tracks" as hastily as possible lest some irate general discover us enlisted trash sleeping on his doormat. After several wild goose chases, we were unceremoniously deposited at the enlisted men's transient center located on the top floor of a department store.

The first night here, three of us decided to take a look at the red-light district about which we had heard so much. Directions were readily obtainable from other soldiers and we easily found the place. Although we had heard the district was rather pretentious, we were not prepared for its vastness. Block after block was filled with establishments which all vended the same type of ware. The girls are listed on placards (sometimes illustrated with photographs) which are placed in the lobby of the establishment. One can ask for them in person but apparently a request for a girl does not necessarily commit one to filling out an engagement. I guess that I will leave out the details because all I know of the inner workings is simply hearsay.

At a couple of houses I struck up conversation with the madames. Their line of talk dealt strictly with business and nothing else. They wanted to know how many troops were coming altogether, how long they would stay, and so forth. One asked me the proper way to ask for a tip.

One of the following nights I dropped into a cabaret for a drink. It had a crude dance floor, a number of tables and chairs, and a host of girls. It cost two yen or about thirteen cents for a dance which lasts a little over two minutes. The sociologist in me comes out every time I visit any of these places, and the first thing I do is to get into a conversation with one of the girls and ask her about her story. Most of the girls working at the cabarets appear to have gone through high school, and claim that they are there trying to pick up English. They are also out for all the money, candy, and cigarettes they can get. The girls actually receive surprisingly little for their work, but by playing favorites

they can expect good tips. That is why so many working girls aspire to be dancers.

One evening a friend of mine and I were stopped by two fairly good-looking girls who propositioned us thus: They would go anywhere, do anything, if we would in turn teach them to dance and also teach some conversational English. But not all of them are so enterprising. I asked one of the girls working in the department store downstairs to do my laundry, offering to supply the soap and to pay her well. The girl makes only forty yen (less than three dollars) a month and could easily make as much by doing washing for a few people, but she refused. I was told later that she considered that taking in laundry would not be in keeping with her job of salesgirl.

I was out with another girl another night who made a remark I heard once before, but dismissed at the time as a crackpot's idea. Now that I heard it again. I wondered if it doesn't represent the Japanese attitude toward the Nisei. She asked me if I did not feel that I had been hopelessly entangled in the meshes of war when I was compelled to fight what she termed my "blood brothers". She went on to express pity for us Nisei for what we had to do. To her and other Japanese (as well as certain Americans, I suppose) everybody must forever remain true to his ancestral people and to be disloyal to his kin is considered impossible. Her point of view on this particular issue was completely the opposite of mine. The only comfort I could derive from the remark the girl made was that she had retained the ability to pity me in spite of the want and suffering she may have gone through and in spite of the obvious advantages I enjoyed.

When I first learned that I was to be sent to Osaka, I said to myself, "Here is your chance to visit Suemori's folks." When working at the prisoner of war camp on Guam, Suemori had asked me to look up his parents, and I was only too glad to do so, for he was so extraordinarily interesting that I was curious to see from what kind of Japanese home he could have come. Before going to his home I had stayed up nights trying to figure out some appropriate way to introduce myself and approach the delicate matter of prisoners of war. I had still not hit on anything suitable when I knocked on their door. It was about ten in the morning on a weekday, not exactly the most fitting time for a dramatic scene. A middle-aged woman came to the door and stopped. I hesitatingly asked if this was the house of one Kakuzo Suemori, a person to whom I had been entrusted a message. She

answered that it was and I continutd, "Please forgive me for my rudeness in speaking to you, but I am an American and am not familiar with the correct words to be used. I have come to tell you that your son Takeo Suemori is alive and well. I saw him last in a prisoner of war camp."

When I finished the sentence there was a moment of silence. I was afraid then that the traditional Japanese attitude concerning prisoners of war had proved stronger than parental love. But there was no need for me to have had any doubts as to how she would receive the news—she gave me such a relieved smile, and asked me in. Over the customary tea which she insisted on spiking with a few drops of whiskey and the more-than-precious sugar, we conversed slowly. Mrs. Suemori was obviously overjoyed.

> I could never believe that he was dead. When they announced that Okinawa had fallen, they failed to say that all the defenders had met honorable deaths as they usually did when one of our islands was lost. Everyone assumed that the entire garrison had been annihilated, but it seemed strange that, if all the troops had fought to the death, that they had not been credited for their determination. As you know, any time there is any doubt, idle minds begin to turn out rumors. In this case, there was a story circulated that the troops were not all killed, but that some had been captured. And so, although all of us with relatives on Okinawa more or less assumed that they were dead, there was still that small hope that they might have been saved.

Later in the day, I went with a friend of mine to a drinking place he knew of which is set in beautifully landscaped grounds. As soon as we entered, we were invited by another party to join them, which we did. I was amazed at the variety of food and the amount of liquor flowing. The revelers were young businessmen of obvious means. They told me,

> Yes, we knew we coudn't win, but we were helpless. It was a case of do what you are told or suffer the consequences. We in business suffered the most because we lost our stock bit by bit, and our business was then all but taken from us. We could not operate unless we complied strictly with the laws handed down to us. Now that we have lost the war, our leaders have left us holding the bag. We knew we couldn't win. They started the war twenty years too soon."

And these unfortunate businessmen eating and drinking at a cost of about one hundred and fifty dollars a head continued to pour out their troubles to me,

> We are rather fortunate as compared with the average man because we can still eat regularly, but we certainly miss our tobacco. If there is one thing you can do for us, it is . . ."

I excused myself at that point.

That evening I returned with my friend to the Suemoris. We brought along a case of beer and a bottle of sake, with which we would be welcome anywhere, to liven up the evening. I met the

rest of the family then, including another one of the Suemori sons. This one had just been discharged from the Army a few weeks previous. He had been a first lieutenant in the Shipping Engineers and was on one of the last ships from Manila and Okinawa. He was on the deck of a ship at Ujina when the chain reaction took place at nearby Hiroshima, and his face was burned. At the first sip of sake, the area of the burns turned pink. The outline of his cap visor and his collar showed very clearly. His father, the elder Suemori, had been importing radio parts from the United States for ten years or so and spoke surprisingly fluent English. As the evening wore on and the drinking progressed, my friend and I found ourselves more and more outspoken, and we were soon telling them what was wrong with Japan. And then, as usual in Japanese drinking parties, we got around to singing. I finally heard for the first time the famous song, "Umi Yukaba" which was sung to Kamikaze pilots before they took off.

One week after arriving in Osaka, I was sent out on a trip to the end of the Wakayama peninsula to aid in the inspection of naval defenses there. We travelled the whole way by jeep, no mean achievement considering the roads. The typhoon a month earlier had washed away parts of the road, and we were the first to try it. At one fishing village, the whole town including the women turned out to fill in a gap in the road for us. Going by car had its advantages, however, for we were thus enabled to see some scenery which I imagine even local inhabitants must be unfamiliar with. I guess that no matter what part of Japan one may go to, the most striking thing is the natural beauty of the scenery. Some Americans say, "These people don't deserve such lovely surroundings." My own feeling is rather different. I cannot help but wonder why people living amid such beauty could ever nurse thoughts of conquest and world domination. If ever natural beauty could bring contentment, it should have brought it to the Japanese.

We were the first Allied people to go through this area, and the roads we went over were lined with women who stood at a respectable distance, waiting to bow in unison to their conquerors. The one sure indication that no American troops had preceded us was the fact that none of the kids cried out for "cigaretto" or "chocoletto".

In addition to the scenery we were thereby able to view, travel by car had the other advantage of permitting us to avoid the railroads. The trains were loaded with Japanese soldiers return-

ing from overseas. Seeing them I realized what a miserable thing it must be to a soldier on the losing side. The Japanese tradition of soldier worship is certainly a thing of the past, for these returned soldiers were now neglected and even despised. It is no wonder that many mustered-out veterans have turned to armed robbery and banditry. I suppose such lawlessness must be one way of easing the pain of frustration. I would think, though, that after all the misery and suffering that some of them have been through (particularly those who starved on the bypassed islands) that the people at home would be more sympathetic with them.

THE NISEI IN JAPAN

Relationships Between Nisei and Japanese

Hideo Uto

With the termination of hostilities in Japan, there arose the tremendous task of occupying the Japanese homeland. To do this effectively it was of utmost importance to get personnel trained in the Japanese language. This requirement was met through the use of the American Nisei (second generation Japanese). These Nisei, commonly referred to as Americans of Japanese ancestry, were put to work in all phases of the occupation program and in all parts of Japan. The Nisei have come into contact with the various classes of Japanese society and have inadvertently learned some of their customs, traditions, mores, and institutions. It should be brought out that although basically the Nisei and the Japanese (the term Japanese will be used to refer to the Japanese of Japan) are of the same racial stock, this does not necessarily mean that they are psychologically alike.

When I landed in Japan in the early part of November, 1945, I was quite worried as to how we would be treated in the home of our ancestors. I reasoned that the Japanese people might look upon us as traitors because we had borne arms against the country of our parents. My worries arose, not from personal motives, but rather from the fact that if we were not well accepted, it would necessarily mean a more difficult time for us in conducting our assigned tasks. Fortunately, however, my worries were not warranted as we were rather well accepted.

After debarkation from the troopships in Yokohama, I struck up a conversation with an elderly Japanese woman carrying her little child on her back. It was evident that she was not accustomed to seeing typically Japanese faces in American uniform, but upon learning that I was one of the so-called "Nisei-san" she began to converse. I had a short but a relatively lively conversation with her; however, I was rather confused and bewildered when she closed the conversation with the sentence, "Japan depends upon you." I couldn't grasp the significance of those words then, but in the passage of time I came to realize what she had meant. Of course, she had inferred that the future of Japan lay in the hands of the Americans and we as "Nisei" were to act as the mediators between the Japanese and the Americans.

Basically, the physical appearance and origin of the Nisei and the Japanese are alike, and yet the concepts of life are as dif-

ferent as can be. True, a degree of the culture of Japan has been transmitted to the Nisei through the family, but most of these influences are tending to wane with the passing of the Issei (first generation) in America. As far as the appearance goes, there is no difference. In fact, it was the practice of many of the Nisei G.I.'s in Japan to frequent the geisha districts in civilian clothing and thus avert detection from the military police.

The Nisei in Japan today are really acting as liaison agents between the Japanese and the occupation forces. In this connection, I have heard a prominent official of the Home Ministry confide that he would never have had the courage to frequent the offices of the occupation forces had it not been for the fact that Niseis were present. This was during the early stages of occupation. I immediately interpreted this to mean that there was a certain degree of fear among the Japanese of the Americans, whereas there existed a more natural and relaxed attitude toward the Nisei. This, of course, does not mean that the Nisei accepted the Japanese in a similar manner.

During my stay in Japan I was astounded at the moral laxity prevailing there. It appears as though geisha houses are as necessary as any other places of enterainment. Geisha houses, originally, were places of entertainment where persons skilled in the art of dancing and singing performed, but lately they have come to connote outright houses of prostitution. On New Year's Eve in Japan I had occasion to visit a Japanese friend. As is the custom in Japan, there was merriment going on and the master of the house was in high spirits with a stomach full of "sake". During this merriment, he suddenly got up and said in the presence of his children and wife that he was going to the geisha house. Needless to say, I was embarrassed because to me it was inconcievable that any married man in an American home would get up in front of his children and wife and say "I am going to a house of prostitution."

The women of Japan are just as amoral as the men. Night after night I have watched young women gather around military establishments to wait for a soldier to "pick them up". This is an aspect found in all communities, especially during war time, but I think it is outstanding in Japan. To a degree the degeneracy of womanhood has been brought about as a direct consequence of war. In Japan, it is not uncommon for a family to invite its daughter's boy friend—generally a *hakujin* (white American soldiers—to the home for dinner. This in itself is perfectly innocuous and decent, but when he is allowed to remain in the house after dinner and permitted to sleep in the same bed with the girl, then the practice becomes contrary to rules established in most societies, including Japan. This is not a universal practice in Japan, but there is an increasing tendency towards allowing such practices. It is evident that the family is failing to carry out the function of guiding the children along established customs.

Another disconcerting aspect of Japanese life is the position of the woman. From casual observations, I believe that the Japanese women are mere tools to keep the homes. Of course this is something that would not be tolerated in American society. In my office there was a Japanese who had been a lieutenant in the Imperial Army working as a translator. He was a young man of 25 and was a staunch believer that the woman's role was that of the housemaid. When I told him that in America men occasionally helped the women to wash dishes, clean the house, and do some of the women's chores, he could not understand it because he felt that it was something below his dignity to do such chores. On one occasion I visited him at his home. In typically Japanese fashion, we sat on the floor cross-legged—much to my discomfort —and the meal was served by the host's mother. I of course politely attempted to wait until she was seated so that she too could eat with us; however, I was prompted to eat without waiting. My host began slopping his soup in a most unpleasant and irritating manner. In the meantime, his mother had temporarily finished serving and had taken a seat near the table. I asked her to join us, but she did not as it is not the custom for her to eat with the men—she was to serve and watch.

HAWAII'S PUERTO RICANS

By LEE M. BROOKS*

Assisted by plantation owners, the first substantial migration of Puerto Ricans to Hawaii was on December 23, 1900. This group and those who arrived in the next few months totalled about 5,000. It is known that a scattered few arrived between 1910 and 1916, but no large groups came until the summer of 1921 when two lots of Puerto Rican laborers arrived, amounting to 676. For both periods this immigration consisted of adults and children, the men and women coming in almost equal numbers. The decennial censuses show the following Puerto Rican population:

Census	*Total Number*
1900	none
1910	4,890
1920	5,602
1930	6,671
1940	8,296

Aside from the arrivals in 1921 this increase is due to an excess of births over deaths. It took place in the face of a gradual emigration, not back to Puerto Rico, but primarily to the West Coast. For instance, in the years 1911 to 1914 a total of 383 left Hawaii and in 1923 and 1924 there were 458 departures.

The United States Commissioner of Labor's report speaks of them as having left Puerto Rico at a time of widespread social disorganization and disease resulting, among other things, from a severe hurricane in 1899. These migrants had been carelessly recruited and represented some people who were underfed and had not been at steady work for a period of months. Of some socially undesirable elements he remarks that they "were not so much representative of the people of Peurto Rico as of famine and misery in the abstract when they arrived in Honolulu."

Already in 1901 only 2,095 Puerto Ricans were employed by the plantations, fairly well distributed on the four sugar producing islands. Their plantation employment seems never again to have reached 2,000 workers.

Of the 9,548 now living in the Territory, 2,083 are on

*With the assistance of Bernhard L. Hormann and the War Research Laboratory of the University of Hawaii. This article has also been read by several leading Puerto Ricans, both men and women, whose suggestions have been incorporated.

plantations. These include 622 men, 457 women, and 1,004 children. Three out of four of the 9,548 are in metropolitan Honolulu, mainly in the Kalihi-uka and Palama districts.

On the accompanying map, area No. 1 ("Hell's-half-acre"), bordering the central business district, is the most densely populated and rather cosmopolitan as to racial groups. Area No. 2 (Palama), having a large share of Puerto Rican people, is less congested than area No. 1, but it is also composed of low income people. Area No. 3 (in Kalihi-uka)) is a valley neighborhood almost solidly Puerto Rican. Area No. 4 (Kaimuki) is a more recently developed business and residential part of Honolulu with better homes on the whole than those in area No. 2.

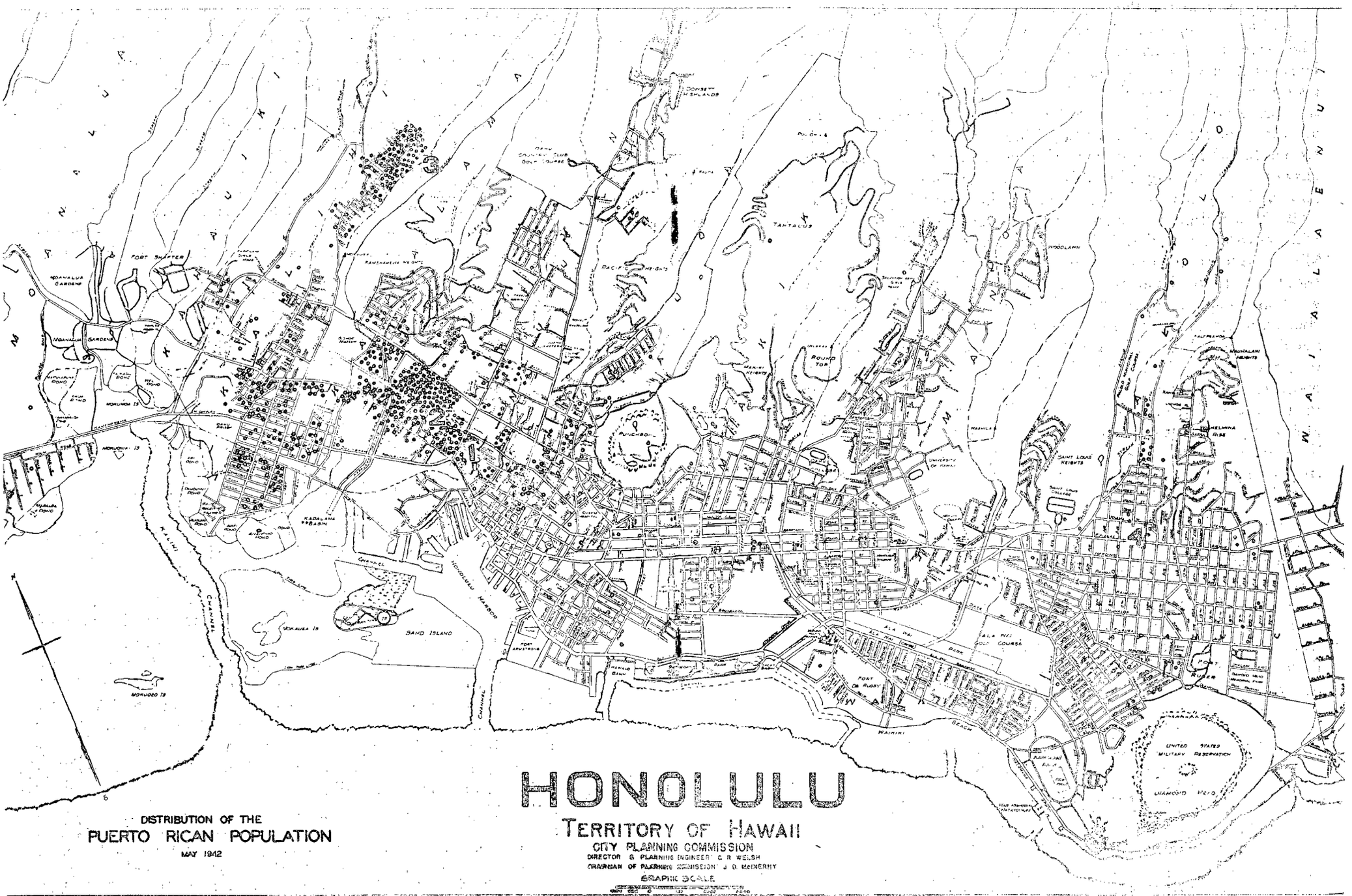
With little schooling behind them, lacking leadership and organization, and leaving a greatly disorganized homeland, it is not surprising that they have had a hard experience, that few of them have risen on the occupational ladder. Less than a half dozen have achieved any professional status. For two decades they have increasingly been leaving the plantations for city work and wages. No adults or youths so far interviewed have indicated any desire to return either to the plantation or to Puerto Rico.

The University of Hawaii has established cooperative contacts with leaders among the Puerto Rican people who, in the spring of 1948, worked through committees and sub-committees in fact-finding, fact-facing, and programs of betterment.

From the academic standpoint the Puerto Ricans have been among the least emphasized of the various ethnic types in Hawaii.[1] The general awareness of this lack on the part of sociologically minded people of the area was quickened into specific effort in the late fall of 1947. At this time a query was received from Dr. Clarence Senior, Director of the Social Science Research Center of the University of Puerto Rico. Because he was eager to know more about adjustments of Puerto Ricans here in Hawaii he asked the pointed question: "Why do the Puerto Ricans seem to have had such difficulty in making their adjustments in Hawaii?"[2]

[1]Earlier references include Romanzo Adam's *Interracial Marriage in Hawaii* (N.Y.: Macmillan, 1937), ch. 14, "Some Small Racial Groups", and *passim;* Kum Pui Lai, "Fifty Aged Puerto Ricans", *Social Process in Hawaii,* Vol. II p. 24.

[2]Cf. Clarence Senior, *Puerto Rican Emigration,* Rio Piedras: University of Puerto Rico, Social Science Research Center, 1947, pp. 9-11; also Andrew W. Lind, *An Island Community,* Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1938. Ch. XI and *passim.*


HONOLULU
TERRITORY OF HAWAII
CITY PLANNING COMMISSION
DIRECTOR & PLANNING ENGINEER: C. R. WELSH
CHAIRMAN OF PLANNING COMMISSION: J. D. McMURRY
GRAPHIC SCALE
DISTRIBUTION OF THE
PUERTO RICAN POPULATION
MAY 1942
MOANALUA GARDENS
FOOT SHAFTER
MOANALUA GARDENS
MOKUOIO I.
KALIHI CHANNEL
KAPALAMA BASIN
HONOLULU HARBOR
SAND ISLAND
FORT ARMSTRONG
MAUNA ALA
PUNCHBOWL
TANTALUS
ROUND TOP
MAKIKI HEIGHTS
PACIFIC HEIGHTS
NUUANU
ALA MOANA
ALA WAI
ALA WAI GOLF COURSE
FORT DE RUSSY
WAIKIKI BEACH
SAINT LOUIS HEIGHTS
WAIALAE NUI
UNITED STATES MILITARY RESERVATION
DIAMOND HEAD

It may be that the Puerto Rican has *stood out* particularly as a "problem" only since he came to Oahu. We do not know. The writer asked a leader of long experience in personnel problems—a man with many years of contact with plantation workers on another island—about his "problem" workers. "Koreans", said he. Another well informed plantation observer, a Filipina, answered for the island of Oahu; "The Puerto Ricans". Here in Honolulu when the question of Puerto Ricans is posed, the answer is something like this: "They are impulsive, quick-tempered, pugnacious, and uninhibited in expressing opinions." This characterization is recognized by Puerto Ricans themselves who, however, feel that it is far less true today than formerly. With reference to low income areas: two non-Puerto Rican people of professional standing and most kindly disposed toward all peoples, when asked if there were any distinguishing characteristics about Puerto Ricans, answered: "We can pick out the Puerto Rican child usually by his loudness and his ability to scream and fight back violently. These people are hard to manage. As a group the children seem to have great interest in music and rhythmic activities, but like many of the Filipinos and Hawaiians, they do not do well in formal music classes. They do not seem to be able to stick to our regular schedules; they seem unable or unwilling to accept supervision and scheduling."

From a preliminary group interview with a dozen high school boys and girls with whom we established rapport seemingly with relative ease, the following are the highlights focused through a framework of economic, educational, religious, and recreational interests. (Older Puerto Ricans, commenting on the second statement below, point out that in some cases the worker who considers himself discriminated against does not realize that there may be Civil Service requirements for which he has not qualified):

(Boy) "If you apply for a job and say you are Puerto Rican, you won't get the job."

(Boy) "My father has worked at the Navy Yard for years as an (expert craftsman) but he never gets a promotion, even though he knows his job well; it always goes to a new fellow.[3]

(Girl) "It's partly our own fault. I know two sisters who worked as maids for Haoles (Americans of European descent). They stole dresses and jewelry and were finally caught by the Haole man. Naturally they don't like us."

[3]This statement about discrimination is firmly supported by the experience of able leaders now the officers of civic groups, themselves Puerto Ricans of good personality and clear insight. One of these middle-aged leaders now in the forefront of upbuilding programs among his fellows, voiced his experience when application was made to a public service organization in Honolulu: "The employment man was ready to accept me, evidently thinking I was Spanish, but when at the very end he bethought himself to ask about ancestry and I honestly said, not without pride, 'Puerto Rican', the man hesitated, then said I was one-half inch too short. But I had already been measured and not found wanting in this detail. If I had said 'Spanish' I probably would have got the job. With this sort of discrimination is it much wonder that many of our people don't admit they are Puerto Rican?" Another leader told of the skilled and personally suitable boss of a group on a plantation, a Puerto Rican with twenty-two years of special skill, "plenty of know-how" getting $95 a month. One day there appeared a Haole (Scotsman, in this instance) with no knowledge of anything about the job, "had to be told every little thing", but this new man was to be supervisor at $125 a month.

Prodded a little about their future work, two boys mentioned "radio electrician", one each stated "vocational teacher" and "athletic director". They would not like to see any more immigration of Puerto Rican labor but it would be good to have educated migrants from Puerto Rico. Of the girls, who were less expressive than the boys, one wanted to be a nurse.

None seemed at all sure about going very far in school, especially to the university. No Puerto Ricans are known to be in attendance at the University of Hawaii at present. They apparently want their children to have more education than they are having. Some of them nodded when one remarked that their parents don't want them to attend high school or university.

(Boy) "Puerto Ricans are stupid. They don't know the value of A's and B's. They want us to start earning money as soon as we can."

The parents of these high school pupils have had little schooling especially if they came from Puerto Rico. In this high school, pupils of Puerto Rican ancestry do not show up well as students, falling disproportionately low in the scholastic rankings.

Religion seems to have less meaning for Honolulu's Puerto Ricans than for those in the rural areas. These young people are nominal Catholics; they could name the one Puerto Rican priest; few attend church regularly; ceremonial and denominational distinctions are vague. Referring to the Pentecostal Mission which has some Puerto Rican following:

(Boy) "That is a Christian church", and another added, "You can't do anything if you go there; smoke, drink, or anything."

(Girl) "I went there as a child. All they did was sing."

In contrast to the foregoing, there is considerable enthusiasm about recreation, especially big-muscle athletics. One boy in this group was evidently a star athlete, his prowess being acknowledged in glances and comments. Heroes are found in foot-

ball, baseball, and boxing. "Everyone knows Frankie Fernandez, champion Puerto Rican boxer". None of the girls knew how to swim. All had heard of the plans of the Puerto Rican Civic Association for a community building.

(Boy) "They are going to put up a gym; got the land now; but it is hard to get Puerto Ricans to play together."

(Boy) "I have to walk eleven blocks to get to the playing field now."

One boy had played drums in a band; one or two were in a glee club. Stringed instruments are popular but none knew how to play the piano.

Earlier in this statement we presented a condensation of viewpoints and opinions that reflect the reputation or status of the Puerto Ricans in the Hawaiian area. Leaders among them, constructively sensitive to the lowly status of their people as a whole, are energetically at work to improve conditions. The Puerto Rican Civic Association started in 1931 with 15 members. It now has over 500. Prior to 1930, as one of the leaders has expressed it,

> our problems were keen and our civic efforts are only now bearing fruit. We are accumulating a scholarship fund and one for a community building with plans and ground awaiting our goal $50,000. We aim to build a modern concrete structure, 60x100 feet, suitable for all kinds of recreational and social functions. The money comes slowly; none of us has much money. We Puerto Ricans are doing this as a community venture, not just for our own group. A Portuguese boy, for example, is giving one dollar a week out of his pay until he completes his pledge of ten dollars. We are citizens of the United States and of these islands. We must do our part, and do it better. Our young people must grow up to be better citizens. So, I can say that since 1930 we have been pushing forward. We are still poor people needing better education; we have, it is true, been kicked around some, but we have a sense of pride that we hope will continue to develop so that no longer will our people avoid admitting that they are of Puerto Rican ancestry, as some of them now do. We are making progress and we are proud of that.

Those of us who have been close to the Puerto Rican people in recent months have no doubt of their dynamic purposes. They are constructively at work: the Civic Association with its goal of a $50,000 community center; the Independent Club with $35,000 in its treasury; and the Athletic Association with its varied program but mainly of interest to young men. Young people have not been very prominent in the meetings of the Civic Association for various reasons among which may be the time of meeting and perhaps the program details. Meetings are conducted mostly in Spanish. Some of the young people say "The older people think and talk too much about the past; we say 'let's go from here!' " However, many of the older leaders

feel that their big job is with and for the young people today and tomorrow.

SUMMARY

The following results from a 56-item schedule submitted to the Puerto Ricans of Honolulu in the spring of 1948 represent an introductory exploration—not a statistically adequate study—into the interests of what is probably the upper stratum of the Puerto Rican citizenry.[4] Members of leading organizations, mainly the Puerto Rican Civic Association, completed schedules for themselves and also secured responses from a few other Puerto Rican families. Thus, the returns from 39 family heads, filled in by 34 men and 5 women, stand for a select group. It is certain that the peripheral low-income or more disadvantaged people are not covered in this exploratory study. An attempt to reach this group through the schools produced very little because of shortness of time and facilities.

The purpose of this venture is to sketch a few of the adjustment problems with regard to family background, residential and occupational experience, housing, education, recreation, religion, organizational activities, racial interactions, and aspirations. That cooperation in a more penetrating study will be possible from these Puerto Rican people is attested by 37 of the 39 declaring their willingness to work with the University of Hawaii in further research.

What follows is a very much condensed statement of the findings. These are on file in the Research Laboratory of the Department of Sociology and Anthropology, University of Hawaii, where they may be consulted by anyone interested.

Total schedules: 39, including 5 from housewives one of whom has her own business outside the home.

Average age: 40. Six are under age 30; seven are 50 or older.

Birthplace: Two-thirds of these adults were born in the Territory of Hawaii. For 37, of the 39 filling the schedule, both parents were Puerto Ricans.

Length of residence: Average 36.3 years in the Territory; 23.5 years in Honolulu.

Marital status: 36 married and living with spouse; 2 divorced; 1 separated.

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[4]This inquiry had the cooperation of the University sociologists, public school principals and teachers, social workers, a former member of the police force, specialists in public welfare and housing, settlement workers, and several other citizens.

Occupations: Mostly skilled and semi-skilled; one-fourth of the men are employed at Pearl Harbor; two own a business (1 man and 1 woman); two are retired or pensioned; none is unemployed; none is in teaching, medicine, law, or other such professions; one is a professional boxer.

As to training or study courses connected with the job: sixteen answer "yes"; twenty-one, "no"; and two give no answer.

Present wages: 27 receive $50 or more per week; 4 get $40 to $50 per week; 8, no answer. Of the higher income group one specifies $100; another, $75; and two, $72, per week.

Plantation experience: 29 had such experience. Of these, one-third liked it; one-third did not like it; and the remaining third liked it "well enough." As to treatment on the plantation, only one states that it was "bad"; the others divide in thirds: "Very good"; "Good"; and "Well enough."

Monthly pay on the plantation averaged $46.30. Twelve men received between $20 and $39; nine, $40 to $59; five $60 to $99; and one, at the extreme, $125 per month. Twelve did not answer this question on wages. These wage rates must be construed as operating prior to 1930, even prior to 1920.

Housing: 30 own their homes; 8 rent; 1 answer is uncertain. The average number of rooms per house is 5.25; total number of rooms, 200; total ocupancy, 227. With regard to physical condition of house, 21 respond with "excellent" or "good"; 16, "fair"; one, "poor". Overcrowding is apparently not a problem.

Children *among* the 227 occupants: 89 under age 18; 63 over age 18. (These 152 children cannot be used to calculate the total number of children per family).

Education: From the extreme of 4 with no schooling to the other extreme with one who has had 15 years of schooling, the mode is "left school" at the 6th grade. The language most used in the home is English, so indicated by 22; both English and Spanish, 13; Spanish, 4. In self-appraisal of ability to write either language, they feel very inadequate about writing Spanish.

None has gone to college but 27 of them want their children to have this advantage, yet in answering the question: "How far will your older son or daughter go in school?" only 8 indicate college. One-half of the answers to this question were "don't know" or the answer was omitted. In answering a query as to their concerns about children, "their education" is second only to worry about illness and possible accident. Another query on betterment brought out the need for more schooling,

"especially for our children," from 12 family heads.

Religion: 34 belong to the Roman Catholic Church; 4 indicate non-Catholic connections; one does not answer. Sunday morning activities are in this order: Church (14); House or yard work (10); Reading and resting (10); and others (5). Sunday afternoon pursuits are mainly sport and recreation (17), with automobiling and visiting in second place (9). Sunday evening is "at home" with resting, reading, and radio (16); automobiling and visiting, (9).

Recreation, sports, and hobbies: Baseball is the most popular single sport, also mentioned frequently in combination with boxing. The Puerto Rican Athletic Association is a lively organization with leadership keenly interested in the welfare of youth with an eye to the prevention of delinquency.

"We need to learn how to express ourselves in social and recreational programs" sums up comments from 7 family heads.

Movies are attended once a week by 14; very seldom or never by 15; once or twice a month by 9; and more than once a week by only one.

Dances have less appeal, 24 attending seldom or never; 8, once or twice a month; 5, once a week; and 2 not answering.

It should be emphasized that the foregoing represents middle-aged people, not youth for whom the distribution of activities would doubtless be different.

Leading hobbies appear in this order: music, gardening and flowers, swimming and boxing, fishing, sewing. Ten schedules mention no hobbies.

Organizational activities: Being the oldest, the Puerto Rican Civic Association naturally reflects the devotion of these older citizens, followed closely by the Independent Club and the Athletic Association. Because some people belong actively to more than one organization, several answers include two or three favored associations, with some mention of "the Lodge." No answer as to favorite organization was submitted by 8 people. The function and program of these organizations were touched on earlier in this article. Such statements as the following seem significant:

> "We need more social, political, and religious cooperation, more participation among ourselves and with 'all other nationalities'." (Summation of 43 expressions)
>
> "We need to support our community clubs and associations; to be exemplary citizens; to grasp opportunities; to organize for youth." (Summation of 15 expressions)

Racial interactions: Responses to a dozen questions were freely written as indicated below.

"How are you treated in Honolulu?" Very well, 28; Fairly well, 11.

"Which races are most friendly to you?" All races or "no special," 17. Then follow answers combining Hawaiian with various racial groups, totalling 10. The Portuguese and others come next with 5. Another grouping with Japanese, Chinese, Filipino, and Caucasian totals 5. Two ventured no opinion.

"Do you think certain races or groups of people dislike Puerto Ricans?"

No opinion appears 21 times with the word "none" stated 6 times plus no answer in 4 schedules—a total of 31. The remaining 8 mention singly or in combination all the races except Part-Hawaiian and Filipino.

"Are you sometimes mistaken for another race?"

No answer, "none," or "can't recall" account for 14, followed by Portuguese (6); Hawaiian or Part-Hawaiian (5); Caucasian (4); with the remaining 10 mentioning Spanish, Mexican, Negro, Oriental, Italian, etc.

"If people don't know that you are Puerto Rican, which do you prefer to be known as?"

Puerto Rican, 37; Portuguese, 1; Spanish, 1. It is probable that low income Puerto Ricans would be more hesitant to acknowledge their ancestry in the quest for housing and for jobs, as set forth earlier in this article.

"Which race do you prefer to see a Puerto Rican marry? State first and second choice."

First choice: Puerto Rican, 33; Anyone, "up to individual," 2; Caucasian, 2; Filipino, 1; Portuguese, 1.

Second choice: Caucasian, 13; No answer, 10; Anyone, "up to individual," 4; Spanish, 3; No opinion, 3; Puerto Rican, 2; Hawaiian, 2; Portuguese, 2.

A question about what was thought of the Puerto Rican regiment stationed in Hawaii during World War II receives 30 very favorable answers, with 6 stating "fairly well," "average fellows," and "most of them very nice." "No comments" or "did not see any," 3.

Two queries on happy and unhappy experiences on Hawaii reveal emphases on family welfare and on the recent war.

Achieving home ownership (8); getting married and/or becoming a father (5); having a job (3); "the graduation of my son" (1) indicate a total of 16 family references that were among the happiest experiences. Next in prominence was the ending of World War II (7). For the unhappiest experiences, deaths or sickness in the family, the effects of the depression in loss of job and danger of losing the home total 19 mentions. December 7, 1941 (attack on Pearl Harbor and/or "during the War", combine to 12 expressions.

Interests and aspirations: In addition to what has been implied or explicit in the foregoing, the following question was presented: "What is it that causes you the most worry about

your children?" Answers appear in this order: illness or possible accident (15); their education (7); possible delinquency (5); their future (2); possibility of war and son's sacrifice (2); that I may be unable to provide for them (1); no answer (7).

In conclusion, this small exploration has resulted in a little further understanding of what may be considered the upper level of Puerto Rican life in Honolulu. It is definitely not a cross-section study. A much more penetrating and inclusive research effort is indicated for the future.

SOME PROBLEMS OF VETERAN ADJUSTMENT IN HAWAII

Andrew W. Lind

Nearly 37,000 of Hawaii's residents, chiefly men between the ages of eighteen and thirty-five, were drawn into the armed services of the United States during the recent war. According to the most authentic sources, 950 of this number never returned to civilian life, having been killed or having died while in service. The number of Hawaii's servicemen who were attracted to other parts of the world and who took their discharges elsewhere is not definitely known, but it could not have been more than one or two thousand. Probably a few hundred were so enamoured with life in the service as to make it their permanent career. At least 25,000 of Hawaii's young men have faced the necessity during the past eight years of adjusting themselves first to the loss of civilian status and later to a return to life as a civilian.

The complexity of the veteran problem in Hawaii is partially suggested by the variety of ethnic groups represented. Selective Service, which was responsible for processing over 32,000 of the 36,777 residents of Hawaii who served in the armed forces of the United States during World War II, recognized eighteen different racial categories among the inductees from the Islands. Just half of the veterans from Hawaii were of Japanese ancestry but the remaining 50 per cent were widely scattered

Table I. Number and Percentage of Inductions into the Armed Services from Hawaii from December 10, 1940 to October 1, 1946 by Racial Ancestry.*

Ancestry	Number	Per Cent of Total
Hawaiian	1,031	3.2
Part Hawaiian	2,831	8.8
White (Caucasian)	4,776	14.9
Chinese	3,392	10.5
Japanese	16,083	50.0
Korean	696	2.1
Filipino	2,812	8.8
Puerto Rican	453	1.4
Negro	29	.1
Mexican	8	.0
Chinese Filipino	30	.1
Other Mixed	8	.0
Samoan	36	.1
Guamese	10	.0
Javanese	2	.0
	32,197	100.0

*(These figures do not include approximately 4,580 who entered the armed forces through reserve components.)

among fourteen additional racial groups and sub-groups found in Hawaii, as indicated in Table I.

The complete story of the veterans' return and their post war readjustment in Hawaii is, of course, one that would require volumes to tell and is not yet finished. The experience of each individual presents its own unique aspects, duplicated in no other single case, and yet the problems faced by all the veterans were and are strikingly alike. Social workers and veterans' advisors have rung all the changes on the more common problems involved in the adjustment to civilian life—the break with service discipline and the reassertion of personal initiative, the shock arising from inevitable changes among relatives and friends, and the loss of a sense of the moral imperatives of civilian life. Hawaii's experience with veterans probably parallels that of continental United States in most respects, and it can serve to test and verify some of these generalizations.

The body of factual material upon which this study is based comes largely from a group of thirty-eight veterans who were enrolled at the University of Hawaii in an introductory course in sociology during the spring of 1946. All students in the introductory course were expected to prepare a paper of at least 1,000 words in length describing some area of first-hand social experience, one of which was entitled "The Veteran Looks at Hawaii". Somewhat over half of the sixty-six veterans in the class selected this title in preference to five other possible topics.

It is not to be assumed that the experience and the reactions of the thirty-eight veteran students were necessarily representative of the great mass of Hawaii's ex-G.I.'s, much less of American veterans in general, but there is clearly much that they share with all their Hawaiian and American fellows. The student veterans were almost certainly a more articulate and a more reflective group than most of the G.I.'s from Hawaii, and perhaps because of this fact their observations may be more truly expressive of the common problems of postwar adjustment which all veterans experience.

Considerable space in this article will be devoted to the statements of the veterans themselves. Illustrative passages have been selected for their representativeness, sincerity and clarity of expression, and, in some instances, for their dramatic qualities. The article is an attempt not only to summarize the more sig-

nificant and common points of view of thirty-eight Hawaiian veterans but also to transmit something of the feeling with which they described their experiences.

II.

The tendency of the veteran to idealize all that he had left behind—home, family, girl friend, the old gang, and even the old school or shop—was in Hawaii, as elsewhere, a source of considerable difficulty in the period of postwar readjustment. The cherished memories of home which were a source of comfort and strength on the battle front, became an obstacle to the successful resumption of civilian life once the veteran returned. Although most of the troops from Hawaii had learned through newspapers sent to them in the forward areas or through letters obtained from friends that profound changes were taking place at home, it was difficult to imagine how they themselves would be affected. To the battle-weary veterans, Hawaii seemed like paradise indeed and the answer to all their years of longing.

> It was the year 1945, seven days before Christmas, and twenty-four hours away from the islands of Hawaii.
>
> Home! Tomorrow! To me home meant complete freedom from military life. No more reveille at crack of dawn; no more jumping to attention for every bombastic lieutenant; no more digging foxholes and "dodging shells". Coming home to me meant a big welcome from the people of the Islands.
>
> I visualized the warm welcome of tomorrow with hundreds of people on the pier waving and cheering as we entered the harbor. People from all over the Island . . . the Royal Hawaiian Band which we so often longed to hear playing familiar tunes. Colorful leis glistening in the sunlight. This was the grand reception we anticipated. High expectations took hold of me and I hoped that tomorrow would come soon.

Disillusionment, for many of the early returning veterans, set in almost before they had set foot on Hawaiian soil. Their expectations of a royal welcome were rudely shattered by what appeared to them as studied neglect and indifference.

> Closer and closer we approached land. We were finally nearing the pier, and I eagerly awaited the reception which I thought would be given to the returning heroes. No doubt, everybody else thought that he was a returning hero. It was only natural, especially being a member of the unique 442nd Infantry. The papers had broadcast the feats of the regiment and I felt that the people of Hawaii were proud of us. So, like a returning hero, I anxiously awaited the spectacular welcome I had imagined.
>
> There was a lonely army band on the pier, and it struck up a military tune as we docked. There were hardly any people in sight. Aside from the band, the pier was deserted. There were no "hundreds of people" to greet us. Outside the pier were some old lei vendors who looked quizzically toward the ship. "Surely, there must be a large group waiting for us somewhere," I said to myself. "Where is the Royal Hawaiian Band? Where are the

> people to greet us?" Disheartened and perplexed, we waited in vain. It seemed that no one was aware of our arrival. Like foreigners we sullenly stared at the empty pier.
>
> A small group finally did form outside the pier but they were not allowed to enter. The army band continued to play martial music. We wanted to mingle with the crowd that was forming outside the pier, but the trucks were rushing inside. We were dumbfounded with what had taken place. We were ushered into the waiting trucks which whisked us away as soon as we arrived. Why weren't the families and friends informed? Why weren't the people allowed inside the pier? There was no welcome whatsoever. We were terribly disappointed.

Fortunately, experiences of this sort were not common to all the veterans, and homecoming was usually an occasion of mingled pleasure and disillusionment. Some had prepared themselves for an indifferent reception at home and their disappointment was probably also less acute.

Dissatisfaction with the home town was probably no more common among the veterans in Hawaii than elsewhere in continental United States. Island veterans had been impressed by the sights of San Francisco, Chicago, New York, Paris, Rome, and all the other strange and interesting places they had seen. By contrast, Honolulu, Hilo, Lihue or Wailuku were bound to seem tawdry and dull. In this respect, the Islanders share the restlessness of the veterans of World War I of whom it was sung, "How ya' going to keep 'em down on the farm after they've seen Paree?"

The more thoughtful and philosophical might express their disappointment in restrained phrases such as the following:

> I was somewhat disappointed in coming back to Honolulu and finding it not so much the paradise we had wishfully dreamed it to be. It had its share of dirty streets, slums, loose women, black marketeers and hoodlums. The recent police scandal evidenced corruptness in elements of the city government, long suspected. All in all, Honolulu didn't present a pretty picture. I have seen towns that Honolulu, for all its fame, does not measure up to. What beauty there is is scenic. Slums, hoodlums, and the like, I suppose every city will always have, but such things as filth should not be tolerated. The wartime strain is mostly gone and the war is no longer a legitimate excuse. What is needed is greater agitation from the general public.

Others were more vocal in their expressions of dismay at the changed conditions which they found.

> To me, the greatest disappointment was the ugliness and untidiness of the whole city. What was once a clean and beautiful city of Honolulu was now nothing but filth and ugliness. I began dreaming about the beautiful and clean cities and villages of Switzerland and France and even in parts of Italy. Here the parks —everywhere were unkempt and neglected. The grass was dried and needed mowing. Benches were either gone or were broken.

Life in the Islands is normally conducive to a certain sense

of isolation, but this was accentuated for the veterans returning to Hawaii after extended travel throughout the world. References to "feeling cramped" and concern because "there is no place to go" were frequent enough to indicate the existence of a common source of irritation. For some, the shock of readjustment to civilian life was so acute that everything associated with Island life became distasteful and the veteran was obsessed with the idea of escape from the Territory. Fortunately, such extreme cases of maladjustment were relatively infrequent.[1]

Whatever the limitations of life in the service may have been, there were also unquestioned advantages of which the veteran became acutely conscious once he was faced with their loss in civilian life. The high sense of group morale, particularly in such units as the 100th Infantry Battalion and in the 442nd, and the pleasant comradeship of the service units were in striking and painful contrast to the secularism of civilian life.

> The rigors and dangers of combat effected an intense "puddling" process, integrating combat-men on a higher spiritual plane not unlike that of ideal Christian brotherhood. It is hardly to be expected that such a high degree of unselfish devotion and concern for others' welfare could be perpetuated without the attendant circumstances. But the experience remains vividly in one's memory, and the shock that comes from meeting the indifferent and secularistic attitudes at home, produces nostalgia for the "once-was" and a feeling that he has been betrayed at home.
>
> A deep sense of attachment and comradeship grew up—a common understanding among all who have "gone through the mill." There is no reason, however, to bemoan "a cluster of veterans" today; they will, in time, integrate into the whole.

III.

Veterans in Hawaii found it particularly difficult to reconcile themselves to the changes which they discovered in their relations to Island girls. Rarely conscious of the profound psychological changes which had occurred in themselves during the war, the common tendency among the veterans was to focus attention chiefly upon the moral losses experienced by the local girls. The sight of their former classmates and neighborhood girl-friends dating with *haole* servicemen was extremely galling to many of the Island veterans, even though they had sought the favors of the native girls in Italy, Continental United States, or the Islands of the Pacific.

[1]The Bureau of Mental Hygiene reported a surprisingly low proportion of Island veterans among their patients during the two years just after the close of the war.

> For a veteran who craves recognition especially from the Japanese girls, it is like being left out in the cold when a Japanese girl and a Haole soldier are seen together. My feeling is best expressed to this effect whenever I see them together. I find myself saying with deep contempt, "Why is she so intimate with the Haole soldier? Why isn't she intimate with the local boys? Doesn't she know that she is taken 'for a ride' by the soldier? Why can't she be patient and wait for the Japanese boys who are busy fighting up in the front? Has she forgotten us because we were away too long? Many had died, but others will be eventually home. Why is she enjoying herself with the Haole soldier without regard for our sacrifices? God damn it! Who gives a damn for these 'kamikazes'.[2] I'd like to spit everyone of them in the eye." From one point of view, I feel my bitterness is ustified.
>
> One day I asked one of these "kamikazes" why she is so intimate with the Haole soldiers. She replied: "Oh, they are so nice. They have good manners and they speak so nicely. They are not like the local boys who whistle at you and make indecent remarks."

The college veteran was frequently somewhat more understanding of the plight of the local girls although it did not necessarily increase his sympathy for them.

> He watched the people as they went busily about their business. A white serviceman and an Oriental girl passed by, hand in hand. He had learned a new word, "kamikaze". The local boys tagged that name to girls who went around with white servicemen. It struck him as being a funny joke, no more. He understood the plight of servicemen who were far away from home. After all they were only human, and they wanted feminine companionship just as much as any other guy back home. He had undergone the same situation in Africa, Italy, France, and Germany. Well, let the girls find out fo rthemselves. It was none o fhis business anyway, just as long as his sisters didn't go running around like mad with the Haoles.
>
> The veteran thought about the perfidy of the girl he had loved. She had decided not to wait for him, and had become engaged to a 4-F about a year ago. Yes, it was a year ago when her letter had reached him in the snowbound forests of France. He would never forget that day . His platoon had suffered heavy casualities and the Lieutenant had been killed. The Lieutenant had been a good pal of his. He had read the letter in a daze, debating whether or not to believe the contents of the fateful missive. But the urgent desire to live had forced him to forget about the letter and concentrate on the business at hand. One had to be wide awake in war if he wanted to tell his grandchildren all about it.

[2]The terms "kamikaze", kamikuzu", and "baka-bomb" were widely used during the late stages of the war and the postwar period to express contempt for the local girls who were friendly with the *haole* servicemen. As explained by one veteran:

> The "kamikaze" girls are synonymous with the "victory" girls in the Mainland, the local term being more pernicious, in that, it is applied verbally to the unfortunate victim, and here many a fight originates. The "kamikuzu" girls (*kuzu* literally means left over) are those who are left behind, or holding the bag, after a brief affair. "Baka-bomb" means literally "crazy-bomb".

He decided now that he really hadn't loved the girl after all. It must have been just his vanity that had been hurt. After all, she wasn't much of a girl. Good looking but that was about all. She wouldn't have made him a good wife, and besides he wasn't ready to get married. He was too young to be tied down, and there was his education to think about.

The process of becoming reacquainted with the local girls was actually far less difficult than many of the veterans first thought it would be. During the early months of the postwar period the chasm between the veteran and his former girl friends seemed deep and wide, and the efforts to breech the gap appeared only to widen it.

Upon my return I found that many girls looked upon a veteran as a galavanting casanova who from his many experiences abroad was supposedly a person who dated girls solely for immoral purposes. Former friends were friendly enough but rather hesitant about going out. As the members of my play-group got accustomed to each other, this feeling disappeared. But any girl aside from the we group tended to act coldly to any attempt of the veteran to be friendly. The returnee experiencing such reaction on several occasions will also form a wall around himself. Thus the girls howl anew with such remarks as "Oh, the veterans are awfully snooty. They don't want to take local girls out." As more and more of the male population return to Honolulu from all parts of the world, this attitude has changed considerably.

Actually, as one veteran suggested, time was the chief requisite for resolving the problem. He could not immediately accustom himself to the changed persons he found in his pre-war girl friends.

As suggested earlier, the veteran's problem of readjustment was frequently one of reconciling the changed conception of himself acquired during the war with the conventional expectations which the community imposed upon him. The veteran sometimes attempted to resolve the moral problem thus created by casting his sense of guilt upon the *haole* G.I. or the "kamikaze".

While he was overseas, his mind fell prey to the usually unfounded stories of local wahines "going for broke." In all fairness to the veteran it must be mentioned that he had reason for such susceptibility. It is not difficult to imagine oneself in his place—thousands of miles away, the malleability of the mind and in the end, the natural tendency to accept the worst. On his return the G.I. is cautious in his social relations with the opposite sex, and his carefree attitude that had once set him apart from the mainlander is conspicuously missing. The relation between the veteran and the local girl is very similar to that of two prize-fighters in the first round when both parties try to feel the other party out. The relation is not strained but the pussyfooting on the part of the G.I. is so evident that awkward situations pop out frequently.

When the question of morality is brought up, the veteran avoids thinking of his own sexual adventures on the mainland and overseas because it bothers his conscience. And yet, with the other

side of his mind, so to speak, he thinks of local wahines in the most lowly terms. When a veteran refers to a girl as a "kamikaze" it just proves his own moral inconsistency. He thinks all servicemen are of loose and selfish morals, because he was that way himself. In short, as far as morals are concerned, the veteran has returned mentally diseased.

The changed conditions within the family group and the veteran's new perspective upon his family posed a similar problem of adjustment.[3] Usually, however, the veteran was immediately aware of fewer changes in his family than among other people and groups in the community. The reunion with the family was usually mentioned as a bright spot in the experience of coming home.

My visit to Kauai was the most enjoyable one. In four long years I have but spent thirty-six hours with my mother and father, and my return home in January was like a dream to my parents and they were very happy. Just to see their faces gleam with radiance of happiness told of their love for their child.

My mother and father haven't changed much except that their hair is turning gray, and that Mother has been attending the Episcopalian Church (the church I once attended during my long years on Kauai) and that she can sing a few hymns. She can also address an envelope, for she has had a little night school in English.

And what really surprised me was that both of them were very broad-minded about family affairs. I could "chip in my five cents worth" whenever I felt like saying anything without offending them. I could reason things with them. They were more loving than ever, and I was only happy that I had returned to Hawaii for a visit to see them.

It is also true, however, that the pleasure of homecoming palled rather quickly upon the veteran as the inevitable changes became more apparent both to himself and to his family. The over-solicitude of parents who could not realize that their adolescent son had grown up was mentioned as a source of irritation. Even the elaborate parties which the Oriental parents especially insisted upon arranging for their veteran sons proved a bore. Few of the ex-G.I.'s seemed to be very sensitive to the inevitable adjustments that were demanded of the other members of their families.

The happiest of all upon the return of the servicemen were their families. The boys were treated with love and luxuries were literally showered on them. The younger members of the family had grown up quite a lot and had changed somewhat during the past three years. I personally felt it because there was a strange barrier between my younger brother and me. To him I must have been a new element in the house and the need of getting reacquainted was obvious. The first few months, I had to work hard to break that strange feeling that was between us.

[3]Only six of the thirty-eight veterans even mentioned their own family although twenty-seven refer specifically to the local girls and their relations with them.

In general, the veterans were extremely conscious of increased barriers between themselves and their former friends who had remained behind. The accounts of attempts to re-establish friendly associations with their former neighborhood cronies were almost all charged with a deep feeling of frustration and of personal loss. There was frequently a suggestion of personal betrayal and disloyalty, especially in the statements by the veterans who had been motivated by highly patriotic sentiments in their war service. They were prone to suspect their home-guard friends of baser sentiments even though they knew there were worthy reasons for remaining at home.

> Since my return I have strayed away from my old associates. Primarily the reason for this is that we are apart and doing different things. But underneath that I find somehow we have lost something and I make no attempt to cement the widening breach because I have the idea that we having nothing in common whereas I do have something of interest with my fellow G.I.s There is a tendency at present for G.I.s to stick together. Other veterans have commented on this problem. The usual comments that oh, we having nothing in common nowadays; my lingo differs; he can't follow the drift of it, etc. Moreover in the space of close to three years the things like common pleasures break apart and that which held you together seems forgotten and the desire to recapture the old bonds lessens with each passing day. I know a case of a friend who after serving his country faithfully became disgusted with his former friends. He confided that they were more interested in material goods, and that they were disappointed in seeing the war over so soon. They weren't interested in his welfare; nor were they glad to see him back. They told him plainly in his face that he was a sucker. He should have stayed at home and made his pile. They talked only about making more money and their discussion pertained to money matters most of the time. This is true in many cases.

It is not apparent that the wartime experience had increased the racial tolerance of the veteran. Judging by the observations in the student papers, it would appear that contact with other racial groups, both in the service and outside, had the effect of increasing rather than diminishing racial feeling on the part of Hawaii's G.I.s. In many instances, the circumstances attending the new racial contacts were not conducive to the growth of fellow feeling, and in other instances the men from Hawaii simply took over the prevailing racial prejudices toward such groups as the Negroes and Mexicans.

> The veteran returns keenly race conscious. And he even enjoys his newly acquired power of differentiating between races. Oftentimes this goes as far as simple prejudice. In some cases the veteran returns with a chip on the shoulder and is ready to yell "Discrimination!" the minute it is touched. Take my Portuguese friend, for instance. In the year he spent on an isolated army installation, he did an unusual amount of thinking. When I met him for the first time in three years, the first thing he did was

> tell me of the "Chinese Jews." When I told him of knowing cases where the Nisei and the Portuguese were trying to get ahead in the world, too, he made the moronic statement that the intentions were different. The Chinese, he claimed, were trying to get control of the territory.
>
> The veteran's attitude toward the haole has changed considerably. Before he left Hawaii all haoles to him were demigods who dressed in starched collars, are only classy stuff, bathed every night, and spoke only God's language. But after seeing some scum of the white race on the mainland, the instinct of looking up at the haole disappeared. The veteran is even surprised that he can think of himself as being just as good as if not better than the haole. Reveling in the muck of that thought, the veteran's attitude toward the haole is oftentimes crude and childish.
>
> The veteran's attitude toward the Negro has gone the same way. On the mainland the G.I. saw the colored race living in filth, poverty and squalor. For this existence the Negro is not responsible, but inevitably the veteran connects the Negro with those conditions and the accompanying thought is that of the inferiority of the race. Contacts with scummy race-baiters from the South influenced the birth of the new attitude. The veteran's conception of the Jew (that of the hook-nosed miser) sprang also from personal contacts with the wrong kind of company.

On the other hand, many of the Islanders resented deeply the treatment accorded the Negro and the other minority groups, but the net was to intensify the feeling toward the white "race baiters".

> For the average person born and raised in Hawaii, the idea of race segregation never appears in his mind. When Willie first saw the sign "Whites" and "Colored" when his train stopped for refueling in Granada, Mississippi, he could not grasp the significance of the signs. Yes, he read about the south and its lynchings and its treatment of the colored people, but to him it was only story material. It wasn't long after Willie had set foot in the "Deep South" that he heard an echo from far away Washington by a Representative of the state, named Rankin. This rabble rouser had the gall to propose that the 442nd Combat Team, even before its formal activation and training, be turned into a labor battalion. Willie could well imagine then the type of people who were responsible for sending Rankin to the nation's capitol.
>
> It was with enthusiasm and excitement that Willie experienced his first pass to the town of Hattiesburg, population 28,500. He was met with cold stares by the people. Their attitude didn't exhibit any of the so called "southern hospitality". However, in time, the people got adjusted to seeing G.I.'s with Oriental features walking down their streets, eating in their restaurants and shopping in their stores. Many a waitress and others found that these boys were "all right" with ther happy-go-lucky and "go-for-broke" spirit.
>
> The authorities should have given on the outset, an orientation course on the race relationship of the south and the sensitiveness of the whites in regard to the so called "Colored problem". Willie's company commander was from North Carolina and was therefore of the assumption that the boys from Hawaii knew about the practices and customs of the south. This would have saved Willie and the rest of the boys many an unpleasant and embarrassing situation. Willie never had the idea before that the last seats on public conveyances were reserved exclusively

for the colored people. Willie found it to his convenience and comfort on the Honolulu buses to ride in the rear because few "wahines" ventured that far back. Willie, finding himself with a weekend pass, boarded a Greyhound bus bound for New Orleans. Probably by habit he went and took the seat in the rear. When the bus driver yelled back at him, "Say soldier, you can't sit there" Willie couldn't understand and retorted "Whatsa matter, I paid for the seats." Of course, Willie didn't know at that time that he had violated one of the unwritten laws of the south. Willie deeply resented this gross unfairness for after coming from such a homogeneous cosmopolitan community, never had he experienced such open prejudice and race discrimination

Kailua, Willie's friend, also had an experience which is worth relating. Kailua had a date and was on his way to the theater. A colored G.I. approached them to ask for a light. Kailua obligingly lit a match for the soldier. After the colored was on his way, Kailua's date was simply furious with him. Kailua wondered what he had done that brought her wrath on him. It was only after he had taken her home and she had told her dad about the incident that he "caught on". Her father gave him a tongue lashing that made him shake in his breeches. Kailua apologized for his ignorance saying that in Hawaii, there isn't anything like that. Her father had this to say, "The colored man is not to be treated as a white man's equal; while walking on the sidewalk, push him into the gutters and never stop to talk with a negro unless it's business." Kailua was "burnt up" but restrained from exhibiting or saying anything contrary for he realized that this was a critical problem to the whites in the south.

The south, with its race consciousness, accepted Willie into upper class status. Willie was classified as a white which, to Willie, sounded strange because, during all his life in Hawaii, he was identified as a Japanese.

The Islanders were also impressed by the camaraderie extending across racial lines which developed among the servicemen actually engaged in fighting.

IV.

"Money-madness" was one of the more common ailments in the home community of which the returning veteran bitterly complained. The charge that the people at home were lining their pockets with gold while he was giving his life for his country frequently appeared in the comments of the veteran and served as a convenient expression for many of his own inner and unsuspected tensions. Certainly, there was much in the Island community to justify the charge but the frequency and vehemence with which it was used by the veterans suggested that personal and group maladjustments were somewhat responsible for their protests.

When I got home, I was all confused and still am confused. We saw the wreck and ruin of Italy and France and not enough people at home were aware of the fact that it could just as well happen to us here in Hawaii. People are money mad. Everybody

is out chasing after the almighty dollar. It wasn't what kind of a citizen you were but how much money you had that determined your influence and position in the community.

Men and women were making more money than they had ever seen before in their lives. The war had brought on a false boom, especially in Honolulu where construction and defense work was heaviest. Honolulu had become the "greener pastures" creating an exodus of laborers from the outer islands. This quest for more money, subordinating everything else to it, was a source of irritation and anger to some of my fellow soldiers who had returned with me. The war was still going on in its full fury, and they could not be reconciled with the fact that, with men suffering and dying, people here were not giving the war the importance it deserved. Of course, the meagerness of our Army pay aided in creating this feeling.

The natural barriers which developed between the veteran and his civilian friends during several years of absence were further magnified by the impression among the veterans that they were "taken for suckers" by the money-minded homeguard.

On my return to Hawaii, I have noticed that conversation invariably led to talk on "how much so-and-so- made", or "so-and-so sure scooped a lot of dough during the war", etc. It seemed everybody was money-mad, all except the returned serviceman. A good friend of mine was one of those "gold-miners" who struck "gold" as a defense worker. He continually told me of the easy money he had made. I don't know whether he was boasting, or whether he was telling me in an indirect manner, "You sucker! Why did you volunteer?" I do know that our friendship drifted apart. Perhaps, if I had remained at home, I would have jumped at the opportunity myself, but I failed to see the other side of the picture. Instead, resentment got the best of me, and with it our friendship. Many of my fellow "vets" have commented similarly. I guess this is just jealousy on the part of the veteran after finding out that the homefolk have reaped all the profits while he was away.

Many of the veterans were far less restrained in their comments and expressed deep disgust for their former friends who were concerned only in "making their pile."

The group of veterans enrolled at the University, on the other hand, were not greatly disturbed about their own problems of economic readjustment, or at least they did not write extensively about them. In 1946, labor in Hawaii was still at a premium and acceptable jobs were relatively easy to find.

The veteran in Hawaii is better off, comparatively, then in most places eleswhere in the continental United States. Here jobs are still plentiful and he has no great worry in that aspect of his future. I have read of veterans in the States whose sufferings have no comparable incidents here. They have had to rush for jobs that they would ordinarily have sneered at, jobs that pay poorly and promise no chance whatsoever for advancement. I have not yet met a veteran here who is deeply disappointed with his present status. However, this is not necessarily because the people here are especially interested in the welfare of the veteran.

Hawaii has not suffered like other boom towns from the end of the war. It is still a vital point for Army and Navy activities and although there has been a considerable letdown in business, this is true mostly of those establishments which catered especially to the "soldier trade." The want ads in the papers still carry many "help wanted" ads.

The problem of living within one's income and of "making ends meet" was more acute than in the Services where most of their material needs were provided for. Relatively few of the college veterans had yet seriously faced the necessity of making a living after their discharge, and the problem of competing for preferred jobs was still a bit remote. Racial discrimination in the economic and occupational realms was referred to only as a factor in the total social scene in Hawaii but not as a matter of particular personal concern. Several of the veterans had been employed prior to the war and could have returned to their jobs but preferred to utilize their G.I. educational privileges rather than to accept their earlier positions.

The difficulties of adjustment to campus life were mentioned by virtually all of the student veterans. Actually the veteran made a surprisingly quick and effective transition to student status. At the University of Hawaii, as in most Mainland institutions, the veterans have commonly surpassed the non-veterans in scholarship. During the first semester of 1947-48, for example, 60.6 per cent of 1104 veterans attending the University of Hawaii had a grade-point ratio above the average obtained by the entire student body. The greater maturity and seriousness of purpose among the veterans has clearly affected their academic success. Among the obstacles which they had to overcome were the lack of adequate study habits and impatience with the pedantic methods of the classroom such as the emphasis upon grades and the acquiring of information rather than understanding and a general aimlessness.

The greatest problem in adjustment was my groping uncertainty as to what I wanted to do. Deciding upon continuation of my education at this university, I enrolled for the second semester. Somehow, I felt restless and unable to cope with the younger students. Everything seemed irrelevant. In combat it was a cruel brutal struggle of "kill or be killed." In combat I was happier if I did not think of what would happen on the morrow. I lived for the present; I lived on borrowed time. This fatalistic mode of loose existence became a part of me. I just couldn't picture myself sitting in the classroom learning elementary music. The only music I understood was the rapid rattling of machine guns and the loud explosion of shells. It seemed foolish to sit in a psychology class and listen to a lecture on the behavior of a six months old child. I could not understand the serious attitude of

students whose sole interest was in making an "A" in an examination. I was embittered by the naive attitude of students who were unconcerned about what was going on in the outside world. For the first few weeks I was frustrated and disgusted with myself. However, as time went by I subjected myself to the routines of school, and I realized that it is I who had to adjust my ways to that of the students and the civilians.

The difficulties encountered were largely social, involving the association with the non-veteran students inside and outside the classroom.

The vet returns to school to find not the familiar faces he expected, but rather strangers who walk past with nary a smile. His former classmates are either seniors or graduates. With mixed feelings, he realizes that he has been left far behind, that he too could have been a graduate instead of a mere frosh. Envious? Maybe, but resigned to his lot.

The first few weeks are pretty rough going. The old dome "ain't what she used to be" and it needs a lot of oiling up. The books seem dry and inanimate. The ideas don't seem to knit together into something coherent. It's with a sense of hopeless frustration that the vet tries to apply himself, but with a little time everything falls into place and studying becomes a matter of routine. In the meantime, the strangers of the first days are fast becoming friends. He finds that behind the masklike faces are hearts that beat and thoughts that are friendly and not too critical. Life perks up and school becomes interesting.

When the vets first invaded the campus in bulk in February 1946, there was a certain reserve and tension between the returning GIs and regularly enrolled students. The vets kept to themselves everywhere on the campus—outside the Social Science building, in front of Hemmenway Hall. These groups of frustrated males "eyed" the girls, eagerly waiting for an opportunity to strike up a conversation and an acquaintance. Comments have been heard to the effect that the vets were rude, that they just stared and stared and seemed to be mentally undressing the girls with their eyes, making the girls self-conscious and uncomfortable. The boys were probably unknowingly rude, but they acted so only because they felt themselves to be strangers, at least for a time.

It has also been said that the vets have a bad "rep" with the girls on the campus. I won't say that the boys were angels while in the States or overseas, but it isn't fair for the girls to draw a conclusion that is so general.

With the increase in the opportunities for contact with the student body through the media of classes, socials, and informal "bull sessions" under the trees, these tensions began to break down. Exam week opened the way to many new acquaintances. Everybody was striving for the same goals and a certain "esprit de corps" amongst the students was aroused and the vet slipped nicely into the student group. The students on the other hand comprised one big we-group as against the instructors as the outgroup. Incidentally, the vets have been accused of being D.A.R.s (Damned Average Raisers). True or not, there seems to be this strong undercurrent of competition for grades.

With the passing of the months the vet becomes adjusted to the routine. He has made the necessary accommodations and life goes on smoothly except for minor disruptions. Thus we see the vet in the school "happily" rehabilitated in his school books and

social life. The traditional informal, friendly atmosphere of the school shields the vet and cushions him in this difficult period of readjustment.

The presence on the campus of a considerable number of his buddies helped considerably to ease the transition. They could talk his language and understand his conflicts.

V.

What sort of an outlook on life was the veteran from Hawaii left with at the close of the war? Were the veterans soured and disillusioned or hopeful and idealistic? Did they provide fertile ground for radical or reactionary movements? Unfortunately, for most of these questions the material in the essays was either incomplete or too sketchy.

The general temper and trend of the data already presented provide some insight on these questions. In most instances the comments on crucial issues were clearly ambivalent. The attitudes toward local girls or toward the local community were certainly not those of unqualified approval, but neither was there unrestrained condemnation. There was usually a recognition of extenuating circumstances, or an expression of hope for improvement.

The more philosophical observations in the essays reveal a similar contrast within the same individual of satisfaction and disappointment, of hope and disillusionment, of acceptance and of rejection of what Hawaii had to offer. Some of the comments express a deep bitterness regarding the Hawaiian social scene and the veteran's role within it, but almost invariably there are qualifying remarks.

> War was bitter and hard for me. I had to fight and suffer and see the horrors of war and I had given everything. With these thoughts in mind, it was no wonder that I adopted such a bitter attitude when I first returned to find changes so unexpected and disappointing. At this time, sociologists might regard me as a social problem. I indulged in considerable drinking so that my friends regarded me with disgust. Iwas eager to "pick a scrap" with those who did not appreciate our sacrifices. I dared the Haoles to call me a "Jap." I hated my friends who talked about the war and thought fighting was a glorious thing like one sees on the parade grounds. My friends were afraid and could not understand my sudden flare of anger whenever somebody asked me to relate about the time I had in Europe. For every sentence I said, there was some profanity so that my friends regarded me as an immoral person. And yet, in the presence of other veterans, I possesed no such conflicting attitude, but instead that feeling of comradeship. Somehow we understood each other's feeling and trusted each other.

> Considering the change of society and my restlessness, adjustment to society seemed obviously difficult. However, being in continuous association with the family and friends, I felt that I was gradually conditioned to the civilian ways of living. Realizing that my civilian friends were far ahead in the civilan competitive system, I oriented myself to the ways of looking out for myself. . . . Taking advantage of the educational benefits, I returned to school which I considered the best place to get back to society.

> Generally speaking a majority of the veterans have come home bitter, cynical and at times intolerant toward the civilian. But as time goes on these manifestations disappear as the veterans find out that they must strike out on their own. The world does not owe us a living; it is up to us to make the world a better one and to hold our hardship against no one and to regard it as experience that few can share.

> While I was away from home soldiering, I only hoped that the status of the AJA in Hawaii would improve (my greatest concern when I was in the service), and I have found that it has somewhat improved, and I feel that my volunteering for the army and long service has not been all in vain. And thus, I feel no one owes me anything; that I owe much to my parents for bringing me up in this "melting pot", and to the racial population for treating my alien parents fairly during their many years in Hawaii giving them and their children the opportunity of making a livelihood, and to the sugar plantation, for it gave my parents the enjoyment of life they both came to seek in Hawaii.

A small minority of the veterans professed a parade-ground optimism that "the future looks bright . . . the veteran quite certainly will find a place for himself. . . . If he should fail, the fault rests entirely with himself." Such expressions, although perhaps entirely sincere, were clearly not representtative of the great majority of the college veterans.

Difficulties of adjustment to civilian life were encountered to some degree by all of the student veterans. There was always some discrepancy between the veterans' expectations of civilian life and what they actually encountered. In some cases they had overly idealized the home community and all their relations to it. In others, they were unprepared for the changes which had occurred since they entered the service. The general areas of adjustment mentioned in this paper—to family, friends, occupation, community, and to self and society—are fundamentally the same for all veterans, but the problems vary in intensity from one individual to the next. Signs of confusion, restlessness, and of bitterness bordering on personal disorganization appeared among some of the student veterans but most of the evidence from the 38 papers reflects a fairly satisfactory adjustment.